Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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PEACE WITH VICTORY

IT will be peace with victory. Be sure of that. Amid the multitude of wild and whirling words, which darken counsel, that fact stands regnant and supreme. There will be peace with victory.

We do not, it is true, know at this early writing what will be the details of the treaty which, after innumerable postponements, is promised to be made public before these pages meet their readers' eyes. The exigencies of "open covenants, openly arrived at," seem to require a cryptic secrecy. That treaty may, as it should, secure a peace

> Proud, to meet a people proud,
> With eyes that tell of triumph tasted.

Or it may—God forgive the abhorrent possibility!—provide for a negotiated peace, a patched-up peace, a peace in which the wrongs of the injured will not be righted and the crimes of the guilty will not be punished. It may be a peace so based on compromise with sin as to contain within itself the pregnant menaces of future wars. It may be a peace of pusillanimous surrender to Boches' bluster and Bolshevists' blackmail.

Yet, in what must after all ever be to Americans the supreme sense, it will be peace with victory; for it will be marked with the victory of American nationality and independence over the insidious and pernicious attempt which was made to subvert them to a mawkish and malign internationalism.

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We do not at this writing know, though it will probably be known to our readers before they scan these words, what will become of the Covenant of the League of Nations. It may be altogether committed to the discard. It may be modified, transmogrified—as indeed it has already been—and adopted. It may be embodied in the treaty of peace. It may be added as an appendix to that instrument. It may be left for after consideration. We do not know. We do not prophecy. We do not greatly care.

But this we do care, and this we do know, that the thing in the detestable form in which the President first arrogantly sought to foist it upon us and to force it to adoption letter perfect, will never again affront the American mind. It will not be presented to the Senate for ratification. It will not be "inextricably intertwined" with the treaty of peace so that, as the President boasted, the two would have to stand or fall together. It will not be adopted by the "Big Four," or by the Grand Council, or by the Plenary Council, or by any other body. The thing is dead and damned. And its successor, whatever its form, and in whatever way it is presented to us, will be a radically different thing; and whatever it may be, it will have to stand successfully the severest tests of American principles and American policy, of American nationality and American independence, or it too will be cast into the discard.

The destinies of the American Republic are not to be determined by any council at the Quai d'Orsay, however august and friendly, nor by any cabal at the Hotel Crillon, however secret and autocratic, but by the American people themselves.

This, then, is the supreme victory which we shall have with the impending peace, a victory which is already assured in advance of the making of peace. And for this victory we owe thanks to the brave and resolute men, in the Senate and out of it, who in the face of unprecedented obloquy from exalted sources took to themselves the words of the hero of Verdun, and said of the President's denationalizing monstrosity, "It shall not pass!"

We expect that we shall have peace. But whether we do or not, we shall have victory.

We shall have victory for nationality over denationality; for the Declaration of Independence over a confession of dependence. We shall have the victory which is implied

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in this country's remaining a national integer among other integral States instead of its becoming a mere vulgar fraction of a heterogeneous mass of fractions.

We shall have victory for the Monroe Doctrine over a proposal to abrogate it and to throw American affairs into the *olla podrida* of Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea.

We shall have victory for our right to enact and to enforce our own immigration laws, and thus to determine for ourselves what aliens we shall receive into the fellowship of the State, and on what terms we shall receive them.

We shall have victory for our national right to regulate our foreign commerce, and to say what tariff, if any, shall be paid by alien producers for the privilege of competing with our own artisans in our own markets.

We shall have victory for the right to determine for ourselves how large an army and navy we need, and how they shall be organized and for what purposes they shall be used.

We shall have victory for the right to mind our own business, to be free from foreign meddling in our affairs and to be free from any obligation to meddle in the affairs of other nations.

We shall, in brief, have victory for America, as our fathers designed America to be, over the malefic attempt to make it merely the ninth part of a hybrid league.

This victory was assured for us when patriotism startled into aggressive life at the very menace of the Presidential Covenant; when loyal Senators pledged themselves that the thing should not pass; and when the sound judgment of the nation, without regard to partisan affiliations, asserted itself in self-defence and made it clear that not even a misguided President could seduce it from the way of righteousness and safety.

THE VICTORY LOAN

DECATUR'S toast is apt. There have been those who have dissented from it; good patriots, too. If we remember aright, John Quincy Adams's New England conscience protested against its spirit, though he would have fought for the substance of it to the bitter end. We all wish our country

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always to be right. We all know that she is not always right. But allegiance must not fluctuate. When our country is not right we must set her right, and we must do so from within, as loyal citizens. Indeed, it may happen that at the very time when she is furthest from right she will most need our constant loyalty, and a loyalty that is not passive but aggressive. Also it is to be remembered that when our country seems not to be right, it is in fact merely some man or party that is in the wrong, while the great heart of the nation is as true as ever. Wicked indeed would it be to desert America by so much as the shadow of a shade at a time when she is misrepresented by arrogant self-representatives, and when she chiefly needs the hearty support of her loyal sons to vindicate her standing.

This reflection comes home with mighty emphasis at this time, in the midst of the campaign for the Victory Loan. It would be idle to deny that there is widespread dissatisfaction with the course of the Government. That fact blazons itself before our eyes and shouts itself into our ears. At home and abroad the country has erred, or has been made to seem to err. It would be insufferable to pretend that the real sentiment of the nation has been expressed at the Paris Conference, or that its real wishes in the matter of peacemaking have there been officially made known. In more than one or two respects America has been placed in a false light before the world. Nor have affairs at home been better. Detestable policies have been pursued which have impaired the efficiency of some of the most important public services and have laid unwarranted and odious burdens upon the people. Railroad transportation and telegraphic and telephonic communication, two of the chief necessities of business and society, have been made less efficient and far more expensive; in the presence of unexampled plenty of supplies the cost of food is maintained at exorbitant figures; and onerous taxes burden even the humblest and the richest households. In such circumstances, what answer is to be given to the Administration which in one breath refuses to give the elected representatives of the people opportunity to abate their evils, and in the next asks for the subscription of an enormous loan?

The answer is unhesitating and emphatic. We must

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subscribe that loan as promptly and as fully as we should do if all these things to which we take exception had been ordered exactly to our liking. "Right or wrong, Our Country!" That is the only spirit worthy of an American citizen. It is the only course worthy of a practical and prudent business man. Three primary reasons, widely different in character, urgently demand it.

The first, of course, is that of simple patriotism. It has always been our boast that while we might have our differences among ourselves at home, toward the rest of the world we show a united front. There is no room for party politics in foreign relations. So in the war we knew no party. The names of Republican and Democrat did not pass the three-mile limit. Beyond that line we were merely Americans. But if we were thus united in the war, we must be the same in finishing up the issues of the war, in establishing the terms of peace, and in readjusting our own affairs at home. So just as we subscribed the Liberty Loans to carry on the war, no matter what we thought of certain policies, it is incumbent upon us to subscribe this Victory Loan to settle up the war and to reestablish peace in the land and in the world. "God Almighty hates a quitter!" sententiously declared a practical-minded statesman. The American nation must not incur that odium by showing itself a quitter now, at the very crown and climax of its victorious efforts.

From the more selfish, not to say sordid, point of view of personal interest, there is, of course, strong reason for subscribing to the loan. Every argument that was advanced in favor of the former loans as advantageous investments was quite true, and every one is just as applicable to this Victory Loan. It is an opportunity to save money by investing it in the best security in the world at a fair rate of interest. Nor is that all. Paradoxical as it may seem, the very fact that a burdensome income tax has been imposed upon us is itself a reason for buying bonds. That is for the reason that thus people acquire a non-taxable income. The man whose investment is in a savings-bank or a mortgage or other securities is taxed for the income which he receives from it. But if it is in Government bonds, the income from them is exempt from taxation. In that there is, of course, nothing unworthy. It is a system prescribed by the Government itself, and is economically

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sound. When the Government pays interest on its bonds, it is simply returning to the people money which it has taken from them in some form of taxation, and there is no reason why it should tax that interest. To do so would simply be to reduce by so much the rate of interest paid. Pecuniary self-interest, both in spite of and because of the income tax will therefore impel everyone who can do so to invest as much as possible in the Victory Loan.

The third reason is suggested by the alternative. If the loan were not subscribed, the result would be most unpleasant, not only to the Government but also to the individual citizen. It would not merely cause a certain degree of humiliation in the eyes of the world. It would actually intensify those very circumstances and conditions of which citizens now complain, and of which as we have said they have a right to complain. There is a homely old adage about the folly of one's biting off his own nose to spite his face. Exactly comparable with that would it be to injure ourselves to spite our Government, since in the last analysis our Government is ourselves. Has it made a good job? It should be supported as a manifestation of approval. Has it made a bad job of some things? It is sound policy to make the best of a bad job, when it is one's own job that is in question.

From every rational point of view, then, the success of the loan is earnestly to be desired, and is to be promoted by every loyal citizen. It will be the last loan needed on account of the war; be sure of that. The subscription of it will therefore be the pecuniary winding up of the business of the war. "Let us," said Lincoln in his last and greatest utterance, "let us strive on to finish the work we are in." The triumphant over-subscription of the Victory Loan will finish, financially, the work we are in. Other matters may call for other settlements. The making of this loan will not dispose of them. To give the Government the funds needed for its work is not to approve every detail of the work. It is simply to assure that the faith of the nation will be kept and its necessary activities be continued without embarrassment. More than that the Administration could not ask. Less than that even the severest critics of the Administration could not afford to do.

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THE DÉBÂCLE OF DOGMATISM

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

ALTHOUGH during four months of secret negotiation American public opinion on the League of Nations remained unsolicited, America has at last spoken. Whatever the outward form of words may be, her voice is clearly against supernational government and for an Entente of Free Nations. The unpledged press and the great hierophants of party opposition have condemned the Constitution of a League of Nations as it was incubated at Paris, and have demanded radical changes as a condition of American support. Every interpretation by its advocates and every amendment proposed by its critics has tended to abolish the "League" and restore the "Entente."

When it was first published it seemed that the "Constitution" was intended not to solicit the cooperation of the nations to be included under it, but by their agreement to command their future action. Assailed as a super-government, it was pleaded by its defenders that it was not a government at all, but a kind of international social club, whose Executive Council possessed no real authority, and whose sole function was to make "recommendations," which might be accepted or rejected. This defense reduced it to something less than an Entente, because it threw doubt upon its sincerity of purpose.

Instead of treating the "Constitution" as meaningless for a real community of action, the critics sought to endow it with real obligations, by pruning its pretences and making it effective for some at least of its alleged purposes. It remains for the world to judge who were the sincere friends of peace; and especially of a peace to end the war in such a way that the treaty of peace, when secured, would unquestionably be enforced.

Had some open process of this kind been adopted in the beginning, it would without doubt have saved much

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precious time. If it were in the order of the day to continue it deliberately after an actual peace had been declared upon conditions that would render discussion wholly free and entirely amicable, the result would be better still. Nevertheless, the chances for the Entente of Free Nations are to some degree improved even by the tardy and reluctant concession that the document alleged to have been "agreed upon" and to be "unalterable" was not too perfect to be publicly discussed.

It may not, perhaps, be too late, now that public debate is not openly proscribed as a manifestation of hostility to peace, to consider, at least in an academic manner, some of the provisions which it would still be desirable to eliminate from this document and some of the methods which it would be profitable to abandon.

The Peace Conference at Paris has suffered from too much theory and too little regard to practical results. In the meantime, while the delegates have been preoccupied with devising defenses against the consequences of a remote future, events have occurred of which they have seemed unconscious, and the irrepressible stream of human activities still flows irresistibly onward. Occurrences have at last reached a point where action must take the place of meditation, or victory will be transformed into defeat.

The theory underlying the Conference has been that all possible future wars must be prevented now; and that, unless this could be done immediately, the present war could not be ended. In other words, the League of Nations, it was held, must of necessity be a part of any treaty of peace.

This theory dates from the attempt to prepare a compromise peace by creating a future situation with which all the belligerents would be satisfied. It rests upon the assumption that while governments are often bad, peoples are always perfectly good; and that, if the governments could be overthrown and the peoples could have their way, there would never be any more war in the world.

As a proposition in political philosophy this doctrine has never yet been proved to be true. In the belief of many it is not only incapable of such proof but is erroneous. If it were true, we should be able in a very short time to secure universal peace by a general plebiscite. The truth is that all nations want peace, but they want it in their own way; and, as their own ways differ, they are not

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likely to consent to perpetual peace until there is created a common interest so great that, to secure it, they are willing to forego all less urgent aspirations. The realization of such a community of interest as this is undoubtedly an ideal to be aimed at; and, in time, it may be possible to attain it. It is, however, an obvious error to insist that such a community of interest must be made universal before an existing common interest in a narrower field can be utilized as a basis for a peace of victory, in which aggression against public right has been overborne and the aggressor is rendered powerless. For unless actual aggression is defeated, is made conscious of its defeat, and is caused to suffer the consequences of it, peace becomes a mockery. A distinction must be made between a compromise peace, in which the aggressor is treated as an equal, and a peace of victory, in which he must pay the penalty of his offense; or war would become a recognized innocent diversion and peace the mere plaything of participants in a rude and dangerous game of chance. To state the matter concretely, unless the Central Powers and their allies are so weakened and punished for their crimes against the peace of the world that they will not repeat the performance at a more favorable time, the war has been lost to the Entente, and the treaty of peace, no matter what it contains, will prove ineffectual.

The community of interest on which the present peace should be made is the defeat of a common enemy. When that peace is made there will be a long period of comparative repose during which the larger problem of universal and permanent peace might be considered. If, however, the Entente Allies cannot impose a just peace in the concrete, what hope is there that they can forever maintain it in the abstract?

The truth is that proposing peace in general has taken the place of imposing peace in the actual particular situation because it was easier to imagine the theoretical potency of a League of Nations than it was to deal with realities. As a result, the common interest which the Entente had when the armistice was signed in rendering Germany powerless for harm in the future, has been held in the background by the discussion of a theory, while the separate interests of the victors in the war have seemed to most of them the only realities with which the Conference

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would deal or which its conclusions would affect. Thus Great Britain has thought of her maritime supremacy and her colonial conquests, France of her future territorial security, Italy of the control of the Adriatic, Japan of her Eastern interests, Belgium of her rehabilitation, and the new nationalities of their racial integration and safety from their neighbors old and new. The representatives of the United States, on the other hand, having nothing to ask for except the adoption of their theory of universal peace, have held a position of influence which enabled them to say, "The League of Nations first, and peace with Germany afterward."

The inevitable consequence of such a *mise en scène* of the Conference was delay, the exaggeration of separate interests, and an effort to make the League serve, as far as possible, these particular national aims, while the original community of interest in the suppression of German aggressiveness was gradually dissipated. In brief, attention to Germany, the new nationalities, the rise and spread of Bolshevism, the growing menace of Russia even in a military sense, was withdrawn, to be fixed on getting into the theory of the League something besides abstractions. This has been in part accomplished. Dogma has answered to dogma, interest to interest, and instead of a pacifically disposed general society of nations agreeing to accept, respect, and maintain International Law as its rule of conduct, we have an organized balance of power only, dominated by five Great Powers, whose interests have been in some manner incorporated in a Constitution for a League of Nations;—all except those of the United States, which seeks nothing but the realization of ideals! If we adopt the theory that a League is a necessary preliminary to a peace with Germany, say the Entente Allies, America must agree to defend us always and everywhere. That is Europe's answer to the President's insistence on a League as a preliminary condition of peace.

The President went to Europe with an ideal. Europe welcomed him and confronted him with the result of its experience. To this experience his ideal has had to adjust itself. The result is not the realization of his expectations. He sought to reconstruct the world. He has been obliged to engage his country in a permanent defensive alliance of a kind that a very short time ago he expressly repudiated,

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not merely because it is contrary to the traditions of the United States, but as he emphatically declared because it is incompatible with our national purpose.

Only four years ago he voiced his conviction by saying: "Every man who stands in this presence should examine himself and see whether he has the full conception of what it means that America should live her own life." And, referring to our relations to the rest of the world, he added:

> It was not merely because of passing and transient circumstances that Washington said we must keep free from entangling alliances. It was because he saw that no country had yet set its face in the same direction in which America had set her face. We cannot form alliances with those who are not going our way; and in our might and majesty and in the confidence and definiteness of our own purpose we need not and we should not form alliances with any nation in the world.

At that time the President spoke in words which his countrymen understood. During the Great War he gradually saw that the United States could not remain isolated in a world of which it forms a part. We entered the war, as our honor compelled us to do. We became associated with Great Powers in Europe. We had a common cause, and we fought valiantly with them against a common enemy. We won a victory, and what was demanded was a peace of victory. But the President had set his mind on a peace of reconstruction. America's life was no longer to him the highest purpose. He wanted to be the creator of a new world.

From that moment the President no longer represented America. He was the victim of his obsession, the reconstructed world. He did not even care for America's consent. He did not seek it. He did not desire it. His mind was closed to it. He had a doctrine which he apparently felt he could not teach. He made no attempt to teach it. He was resolved to enforce it. Then it would be believed, because it would be no longer merely an idea, it would be a fact.

Such a determination, with all America apparently behind it—although America had not been asked to speak—could not fail to produce some result; but it was not the result intended. In the contest between the dogma that only a reconstructed world could make peace at all and the pressing necessity that peace should be promptly made, diplomacy wrung from idealism three concessions:

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(1) Peace is to be guaranteed to the peacemakers by stereotyping the map of the world as they will make it;

(2) Imperialism may pass for democracy by becoming international; and

(3) Democratic leadership does not require democratic methods of procedure.

The President accepted these results, and they were embodied in the "Constitution" sent from Paris and pronounced unalterable. But American public opinion was yet to be learned; and American public opinion, even that most favorable to a League, was not satisfied with the form or the substance of this document.

A new map of Europe is undoubtedly necessary, in order to secure the safety of the countries inclined toward peace from a new outbreak of aggression; but the Constitution of a League of Nations is not satisfied with this, it demands that the boundaries of the States which are members of the League, together with all their widely scattered colonial possessions, shall for all time be protected by all the associated Powers. This is the first and most conspicuous victory of diplomacy over idealism.

To the uninitiated this Constitution is the outgrowth of new and original conceptions, arising out of the peculiar circumstances of recent international experience. It has been heralded as the application of the Christian religion to the problems of international relationship, and glorified as its consummate flower and perfect fruit.

How far this proposed League is from being either new or original will be apparent to those who will compare its provisions with those contained in "The Project of Perpetual Peace," written by the Abbé de St. Pierre, more than two hundred years ago, during the Congress of Utrecht, in 1713.

The good Abbé's purpose, like the alleged object of the League of Nations, was to make a permanent end of war, and his method was substantially that which is now proposed. His plan was as follows:

1. A contract of perpetual and irrevocable alliance between the principal sovereigns, with a diet composed of plenipotentiaries, in which all differences between the High Contracting Parties are to be settled by arbitration or judicial decision.

2. The number of Powers sending plenipotentiaries to

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the congress to be specified, together with others to be invited to sign the treaty.

3. The Confederation thus formed to guarantee to each of its members the sovereignty of the territories it actually possesses.

4. The Congress to define the cases which would place offending States under the ban of Europe.

5. The Powers to agree to arm and take the offensive, in common and at the common expense, against any State thus banned, until it shall have submitted to the common will.

6. The plenipotentiaries in the congress shall have power to make such rules as they shall judge important, with a view to securing for the European Republic and each of its members all possible advantages.

The learned Abbé's plan sought to establish perpetual peace by mutual guarantees of possession. It was rejected as impracticable because it ignored two persistent tendencies of human nature,—the ambition of rulers on the one hand, and national aspiration for freedom and equality on the other. During the two hundred years that have elapsed since his project was published, it has encountered these two obstacles, and not being able to overcome them, could not be realized. There has never been a time during those centuries when the process of political evolution seemed complete. There were always nations that were not yet satisfied. There was always a longing among suppressed peoples for liberation, and among all nations, except the greatest, for an unattained equality. Is it possible to believe that these conditions have changed, or will change when the peace treaty is signed at Versailles? Alongside the "satisfied nations" there will remain the unsatisfied, and the dissatisfied, even among those who are beneficiaries of the peace.

It has been well said that, if the map of Europe could have been thus perpetuated in the time of the benevolent Marcus Aurelius, when it might have seemed desirable, Europe would still be living under the Roman Empire. There would be to-day, if this had happened in the time of St. Pierre, no French Republic, and no free governments in America. The project would have arrested the entire historic development of Europe. There have been moments when to many that would have seemed to be a happy

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event. What a perfect world this would be to inhabit, if the professions of the Holy Alliance could have been permanently carried into effect, when Their Majesties, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, "having acquired the intimate conviction of the necessity of settling the steps to be observed by the Powers, in their reciprocal relations, upon the sublime truths which the Holy Religion of our Saviour teaches," solemnly declared "their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective States, and in their political relations with every other government, to take for their sole guide the precepts of that Holy Religion, namely, the precepts of Justice, Christian Charity, and Peace, which, far from being applicable only to private concerns must have an immediate influence upon the counsels of Princes, and guide all their steps, as being the only means of consolidating human institutions and remedying their imperfections."

Could any form of words be more inspiring to the believer, or more appealing to his confidence? The "*only* means of consolidating human institutions"! and it really seemed to be true. How rude it must have appeared to Their Majesties—and we always have those who assume that they alone know what is good for the world—when Castlereagh, the clear-headed realist, the soul of loyalty to the Grand Alliance against Napoleon, the apostle of national freedom, voiced the danger of placing all Europe under the control of this vague idealism which, it was soon discovered, served as a mask of the most pernicious despotism, and imperilled the national liberties of all the remainder of the world.

Thanks to the courage of Castlereagh and his determined opposition to the Holy Alliance, that imperial syndicate was broken up. Had it not been thwarted, and had not the influence inspired by Washington and sustained by Monroe and his advisers warned the King of Spain, supported by this conspiracy, not to attempt to reclaim his colonies in America, they would still, no doubt, be dependencies of the Spanish crown, and more than half of the Western Hemisphere would still be monarchial. But if the project of St. Pierre had gone into effect before the American Revolution, there would have been in 1823 no American Republic to hold aloft the standard of liberty and self-government. There would perhaps be even now

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no democratic Britain; for the American Revolution was not merely a war for independence, it was a struggle in behalf of inherent human rights and representative government against reactionary absolutism imported into England, which had nearly undone through parliamentary corruption the whole work of the earlier English Revolution.

It is now proposed to base the League of Nations on the permanence of the map of the world as redrawn at Paris, at least so far as the members of the League are concerned. Its motto is, *Beati possidentes.* This is the meaning of Article X, which is the one substantial element in the proposed Constitution. This article binds the High Contracting Parties "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and the political independence of all States members of the League," present and future. It is a solemn and absolutely binding engagement. Had it been in force before the Spanish-American War, Cuba would probably still be a subject colony of Spain, a scene of continuous revolution, badly governed, the subject of extortion and oppression, and a nuisance to its neighbors; and there is no provision in the Constitution of the League of Nations that would have furnished a remedy. The sinking of the *Maine* would not have been held to justify a war against Spain; for it would have been disavowed, and the sovereignty of Spain protected. There are countries that do not govern well; there are countries that will not govern well; and there are countries that cannot govern well; and the only remedy is revolution. Article X does not, it is true, require aid to a sovereign State in suppressing an unsuccessful revolution; but if any portion of it should attain its independence and the mother country continued at war with it, "external aggression" would be alleged; and the aid of all the High Contracting Parties, economic and even military, could then be invoked against the new claimant of independence.

The perpetual guarantee of territorial integrity, especially when applied to conquered colonies and dependencies, occupied by alien peoples desiring independence, was not one of the objects for which the Entente Allies became associated in the war. It was first suggested in the fourteenth rubric of the compromise peace plan proposed by the President of the United States, who foreshadowed

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such a "mutual guarantee" as one of the bases of the "general association" in which the Central Powers were intended also to have a place. The League now to be constituted is far from being such a general association. It is, in effect, a new preponderance of power. The reason why it is acceptable to several of the Powers entering into it is that it affords them this guarantee as against all possible enemies in the future. Their interest is in the acquisition of the wealth, the natural resources, and the potential military efficiency of the United States in a defensive alliance. That was not the original purpose of the President; but that is the price he has had to pay for the realization of his idea of a League of Nations, as distinguished from a permanent Entente with regard to the specific purposes of the war. The European nations would not for a moment have considered the suggestion until the military value of this country had been demonstrated by the part it has taken in the Great War.

Irrespective of any League, the co-belligerents on the side of the Entente Allies are in honor bound to enforce upon the common enemy just terms of peace that will prevent further aggression; but this does not involve the necessity of a permanent engagement to prevent the future dismemberment of surviving empires. It is assumed in this Constitution, and it may be true, that the extensive populations ruled by the countries that now hold them in a relation of dependence are better governed than they would be if they enjoyed self-determination. I have no disposition to raise an issue on this point; but it is not certain that this condition, if it exists, will always remain the same, or that the preservation of territorial integrity, which now covers many conquered peoples, will prove to be the method of justice or conducive to peace. There is, however, in this Constitution, no provision for the "consent of the governed"; and it is not apparent that there could be without a frank abandonment of imperial claims which the High Contracting Parties have no intention to surrender.

Undeniably, by accepting Article X the United States would become an underwriter of imperial insurance in which it would not be, and ought not to ask to be, an equal partner. What the United States would gain by this engagement has never been even considered. On the contrary, all questions of "expediency" have been contemptu-

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ously waved aside as unworthy of consideration. But it is more than a question of expediency,—it is a question of principle. The ideal of peace is noble, but it is not the only ideal. We are urged as a duty to sacrifice to it not only our interest but our ideal of freedom, the foundation of our conception of self-government. That we should cherish the ideal of peace, and endeavor in the right way to serve it, is a proposition which no true American will deny; but that we should in any way barter our freedom for it, or abandon our principle of the "consent of the governed," is a quite different proposal. One would be rendering a better service to his country, and in the end to humanity in general, if he should seek to establish peace in some other way. It is not doubtful that the present generation of Americans, and those that are to follow, can be more serviceable to the highest human interests as a strong, free, and independent people than by being bound to do that against which, when called upon to observe the bond, their consciences as lovers of liberty would revolt.

One of the alleged purposes of the war has been "to make the world safe for democracy." This Constitution does not carry out that purpose. It does not in any way refer to it. It is a union and an intended domination of Great Powers, and the small States are treated as of secondary importance. They have had thus far no collective voice. They have been permanently relegated to the rear. Far from being recognized as truly "self-determining," the new nationalities are treated as creations, the handiwork of the potters at Paris, who are moulding them out of the débris of the extinct autocracies, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Turkey, whose populations have been left in turmoil and turbulence by the fall of the only governments they ever knew.

During the protracted negotiations at Paris regarding the League of Nations, a new enemy has arisen,—a form of internationalism more dangerous than any single coalition. It aims at the life of nations and would destroy all national existence. It is, therefore, a time to think first of the national life, to maintain it in its strength, its purity, its freedom, and its established foundations. Nothing but a vigorous nationalism can overcome this insidious enemy, which would divide every house against itself. It is a time, therefore, for every free, self-governing nation to be a

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master in its own house. Its association with other nations should look toward a peace based on justice with all of them, a willingness to help, but not to be bound. It is timely to face this new and all pervading menace of Bolshevism, to isolate it, to circumscribe it, and to exterminate it. The Constitution of the League of Nations ignores this problem. Some of its advocates even seem to dally with it.

Two obvious duties lie before the Entente Allies: first, to destroy, not Germany, but German militarism, by imposing a peace of victory over militarism through geographic limitation under conditions of disarmament; and, second, to reinforce that limitation through geographic circumscription, by the formation of new independent States, so as to create a barrier on the East and Southeast against the German appropriation of Russia. The order of the day should be, first peace, and then an affirmation of the restored existence of a Society of States based on their inherent rights under International Law, with a pledge to respect, improve, and apply it judicially.

If the conflict with Germany were ended, an understanding between the Powers now deliberating at Paris, and a united effort to respect and defend International Law if again violated, would go far toward securing the peace of the entire world for some years to come. Instead of allowing Bolshevism to spread, and permitting Germany to enter into alliance with it until she can appropriate its spoils, a new order of normal State existence should be aimed at, in which an assenting Germany can participate before she is destroyed.

When peace is once established, it is the Society of States, not a defensive League within it, likely to be counterpoised by another political combination of the same kind, that should be instituted. But this is not the work of war. It is essentially a work of peace, to be elaborated in a time of peace. The first condition of it is not a self-protective and dominant League; but an open forum, where the small States, unintimidated, may freely voice their necessities, not to a junta of Great Powers, but to the world at large; which will then quickly discover which nation is deserving of aid and sympathy. For this the Constitution of a League of Nations makes no provision. It demands that we shall walk by faith and not by sight; and that we shall place our faith not in open discussion, not in the disinterested judg-

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ment of mankind, but in the wisdom, the virtue, and the unselfishness of an international *imperium,* constructed and designed primarily to secure its own immunity by maintaining a predominant collective force, and secondarily to convert the small States into virtual protectorates under its own laws.

Instead of a directory in Paris, working *in camera,* hedged about with secrecy, forming new nations out of the débris of these disintegrated empires, and setting up a separate and exclusive control by Great Powers, the appeal should be to the smaller States and to the newly liberated nationalities to express their desires and preferences, and together to unite in determining their own future destinies. They should be told: We shall now treat and help you as free peoples. We ask you to cease fighting and choose your own representatives. We shall aid you as far as we can in securing an adjustment of your differences and shall respect your self-determination, but we must do this impartially in response to your wishes. We shall open the ways of communication and commerce, but if you fight it will be at your own peril and the effect of your quarrels will be to close the avenues of trade.

This is not the manner in which the Conference at Paris is proceeding. It is a secret conclave, conducted by a Supreme Council composed of Great Powers, with a growing tendency to leave all decisions to the " Big Four." It is reconstructing Europe in its own way, and presumably in its own interest. It proposes a close corporation for the future, acting in secret, to secure its own peace and dictate the peace of the world upon the basis of a map of its own making. The Great Powers claim to be just, virtuous, and even benevolent, and perhaps they are, but the Holy Alliance a hundred years ago also claimed the noblest intentions.

It is interesting to note how democracy, in the end, has usually inadvertently played into the hands of autocracy, and confided its destinies to a single dominant will. When the Directory was formed at Paris, in the French Revolution, and the directors met to fortify their control, their first thought was of organization; but at their first meeting it was observed that it was unnecessary;—Bonaparte had already taken his seat at the head of the table! No one disputed his right to remain there. Was he not necessary

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to the cause? Had he not fought successfully the battles of democracy? Democracy, it appeared, could not be imperilled by its most valiant apostle.

The small States—the truly democratic States—wait in the anteroom while the "Big Four" decide the fate of Europe. The Executive Council, when the League is adopted, is to take their place. Democracy will, of course, be safe; for our President is named in Article IV of the Constitution as the person to summon the first meeting of the Body of Delegates, and of the Executive Council. He, of course, represents democracy,—at least the type of democracy which he represents. We shall in time, perhaps, learn what it is.

There might, however, in the interest of democracy, be some additional assurance in the Constitution of the League of Nations itself; but, when we examine it, we find that it contains no declaration of principles which the members are pledged to respect and support. There is no Bill of Rights, defining the essential and immutable prerogatives of sovereign States,—not a word in the entire document to indicate that States possess any inherent and sovereign rights whatever. Nothing is said of the right of "self-determination," nothing of any rights as belonging to the "people" anywhere. The whole document is devoted to the interests of Governments. There is even no indication of any right in any people to be directly represented in this corporation of State interests. The only reference to the people in this Constitution, aside from the power and prerogatives of States and Governments, is in Article XX, which promises to establish a permanent Bureau of Labor, with implicit power to regulate the conditions of industry, "both in their own countries and in all countries to which their commercial and industrial relations extend"; that is, it would appear, to prescribe the conditions of labor in all the countries of the world, whether members of the League or not.

The most pernicious vice in the system of ideas upon which this League is founded is that peace can be secured, without the existence of immense armed forces, by artificial lines drawn on a map.

A great force of cartographers has been employed at Paris in dissecting out of the conglomeration of races the various nationalities, and circumscribing them by lines of

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geographic demarcation. The secret of peace does not lie in geography, but in institutions, political and economic. The one great lesson that constitutional self-government has taught is that peace and contentment are not created by geographic boundaries, but by just laws and the economic opportunities afforded under a good government. The precise delimitation of races in the Near East,—the débris of the Turkish Empire, for example,—is a physical impossibility. There cannot be created a Czecho-Slovakia, a Jugo-Slavia, an Armenia, a Poland, or a Syria, where the population will be entirely homogeneous, without impracticable migrations. There will always be left enclaves or transfusions of distinct races. We should never dream of such an operation in the United States. We merge our population by our institutions. Given constitutional guarantees, representative government, and the abolition of hyphenism —that is, the total obliteration of race distinctions—and the problem of government is solved. If we undertook to set up in America the conception of race-nationality as a basis of government, we should plunge this nation into civil war. And the attempt to do this in Europe will have no other result.

The whole conception of race-nationality is fallacious and involves a new danger. Its logical outcome is a struggle for race domination, as Pan-Germanism well illustrated. Wider territorial expansion was demanded, in order that a prolific race might always remain under the same political régime. This is the basis of the present efforts at scientific race cartography. It will prove illusory. It is for the peoples by choice and agreement to make the map, and not the ethnographers.

In the United States, and in America generally, no map has ever been made by a Supreme Council. The existing map has been made by the peoples who inhabit this continent, or by negotiation with other peoples; not always without conflict, but always followed with consent. It may not be a perfect map, but it is more generally assented to than one which a Supreme Council could have imposed. We, in America, have protected our sister republics from foreign intervention, but we have never pretended to portion out the continent among them.

The principle followed in constituting the new nationalities and fixing their frontiers is of importance chiefly in

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its relation to future peace. Unless they are satisfied there will be continued rivalries and possible conflict. If Article X is retained in the Constitution of the League of Nations, there can be no change in the map when once the Constitution is adopted. Self-determination, so far as national allegiance is concerned, will then be finally repressed. If it is to have any recognition, it must be respected now; if not, all the members of the League will be arrayed against freedom and compelled to defend by force mistakes that might have been avoided.

By whatever standard we judge it, it is evident that the League of Nations, in proportion as it is to be real, is not the ultimate international ideal. It is, and by its essential nature must be, a combination of Powers within the wider Society of States. So far as the President of the United States is concerned with it, it was appealed to as a compromise expedient in the midst of war, in order to provide a means of reconciliation between the Entente Allies and the Central Powers. That was the purpose of the fourteen rubrics, and the League of Nations is merely the vehicle for enforcing them.

But the problem now is not reconciliation, and it never was. The real problem was and is to show the Central Powers, and particularly Germany, that ruthless aggression and violation of the Law of Nations cannot be tolerated, and cannot escape a just punishment. The whole future of the Society of States depends absolutely on that. There must be a peace of victory and not a peace of compromise, or there will never be any sure peace in the world.

The President has never entertained this idea. He still holds to his fourteen points of compromise as the only ground of reconciliation with criminal nations. They must cease to be criminal and pay the penalty of their crimes. After that they can take their places, if they confess and abandon their faults, in the free and responsible Society of States.

The idea of the League has been to bring them into it upon a basis of equality in the treaty of peace itself. That is why the Constitution of the League and the treaty of peace were to be so interwoven and compacted that they could not be separated, and that no nation could make peace without accepting the League. If Germany signed that treaty, she also would accept the League; and, having

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accepted it, with all its obligations, why should she then not become a member of it?

That, in brief, is the whole content of the dogma of the League. If Germany and other nations were really penitent, really virtuous, really minded to submit to International Law, to respect it, and to maintain it, the League would be a superfluity. But if Germany and other nations are not so minded, then they have no proper place in it; and such a place should not be prepared for them.

Finally, the President's dogma breaks on the determination of the Entente to remain an entente, no matter by what name it is called. The basis of that Entente was and remains that the aggressor must be defeated and punished for crime, not welcomed into a fraternity of equals. Unless the President accepts that conclusion, he and the Conference at Paris have nothing in common. If he does accept it, the League, as it must be amended before it can be adopted, is in its essence nothing but a written form of an understanding for mutual defense against an enemy not wholly overcome. If the enemy had been made to acknowledge defeat at the moment when he really was defeated, all this circumlocution would have been avoided. The Entente would have obtained *la victoire intégrale* and a chastened Germany would now be rehabilitating her national life, as it is her right and duty to do, in order to suppress Bolshevism instead of allying herself with it, and preparing to take a normal and useful part in the Society of States.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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ENGLAND AND DRINK

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

The proposal that the State should take over the liquor trade of the United Kingdom at a cost of over $2,000,000,000 is one of the most interesting developments of the war. Financially it ought to prove a good investment. Socially there could hardly be a more beneficent undertaking. Politically it would have the result of freeing British public life from an influence that has been always unpleasant and sometimes degrading. Administratively it seems the only just and the only effective solution of a problem that has baffled British statesmanship for centuries. A dozen years ago Lord Rosebery declared that if the State did not control the traffic in drink, the traffic in drink would control the State. His judgment was but too amply confirmed by what happened in 1908. The Licensing Bill of that year was the most powerful and earnest effort that this generation has witnessed to assert the supremacy of the State over the liquor trade. It had four main purposes: (1) To impose a time-limit of fourteen years on the expiration of which all saloon licenses were to revert to the State and such of them as were reissued were to be subjected to far higher duties than hitherto; (2) to reduce the excessive numbers of licensed premises; (3) to restore to the Justices their old unfettered discretion over licensed houses; and (4) to give to the people in each locality a right to say whether they would have a new license in their area.

It is exceedingly difficult to say what England as a whole thinks of any given measure. But my pretty clear impression at the time was that the best and most moderate opinion in the country approved the Licensing Bill, realized that unless its principal objects could be carried out it would no longer be possible to deny that in England beer ruled,

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and looked upon the imposition of a time-limit as the only means by which the State could resume control over the monopoly it had created. I do not recall that the cry of robbery and confiscation with which the brewers deafened the public ear had much weight with reflecting people. On the masses it unquestionably had an effect and taken in conjunction with the "Socialistic" tendencies ascribed to the then Government—they seem humdrum enough now in retrospect—it no doubt led a good many middle-class people into the belief that "property" was actually "in danger." But on the whole, considering the intensity of the brewers' campaign against the bill, considering, too, the enormous intricacies of the problem and the passions it aroused, I think the measure was one with more solid and non-partisan support behind it than any Licensing Bill of my time. It was debated in the House of Commons for six weeks, and the Government showed by the concessions it made in committee and by its whole conduct of the measure that it had no wish whatever to press the extreme temperance point of view. The third reading was passed through the House of Commons by the immense majority of 237.

Here, then, was a measure the general scope and purpose of which were discussed on every platform during the General Election of 1906, a measure which the Government had a clear mandate to carry through, a measure dealing with a question of crucial moment to the well-being of the country and adopted by the representatives of the people after a discussion that extended over nine or ten months by an almost unprecedented majority. Yet everyone remembers its fate when it went up to the House of Lords. A really impartial Revising Chamber would, of course, have been glad to second the efforts of the Government in writing such a measure of reform on the statute book. As the professed guardian of the public interest it would have scorned to be moved by the brewers' agitation, and would have resisted the preposterous argument that the license issued by the State became the freehold property of the licensee and that any change in its conditions was equivalent to "spoliation." But the House of Lords took a very different line. Lord Lansdowne summoned a meeting of Conservative peers at his own house in Belgrave Square. It was there decided, after a debate of less than two hours, to reject the bill on its second reading. The programme was duly carried out.

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When the bill came up for its second reading the bishops and several of the weightiest and most respected members of the House protested against its destruction. It was to no purpose. Lord Lansdowne had the bulk of his party behind him and the bill was thrown out by 276 to 96. The Lords acted as a purely Conservative caucus; they wrecked in two hours the labors of nine months; they threw over the interests of the community and upheld the interests of a trade that everywhere except in England is under the social ban; they demonstrated with the most striking emphasis that though the Liberals might be in office it was the Conservatives who were in power; and they furnished Lord Rosebery's prediction with a mournful justification. There have been few more discreditable episodes in relatively recent British politics.

Before the war our people were spending about $800,000,000 a year on drink. This was about six times as much as the Army cost us, nearly four times the amount of the Navy estimates, exceeded the total railway receipts by all but $250,000,000, was greater than the annual value of all the private dwellings in the kingdom, and furnished the State with about a quarter of its revenue. Nearly five-eighths of the national drink bill went in beer, about a third in spirits, and one-thirteenth in wine. The expenditure per head on the basis of the whole population worked out at just over $17, but as there were some 3,000,000 abstainers, and about 15,000,000 children under the age of fifteen, the actual consumers of alcohol must have been spending an average of over $30 apiece. In many a working-class family that can hardly have meant less than one-sixth of the family income was devoted to drink. About $1,500,000,000 has been invested in the trade in the British Isles; over 110,000 premises are licensed for the sale of alcohol; some eight thousand registered clubs are in existence, a great many of which are simply unlicensed drinking-shops, free from any effective supervision; and the number of people who hold shares in brewery and distilling companies must run into several hundreds of thousands. Moreover, most of the public houses in this country are what is called "tied" houses. That is to say, they are owned by the brewing or distilling companies, whose influence thus finds a local rallying point in every town and village in the land. No other interest is quite so closely or so pervasively organized. As

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a general statement it is safe to say that in England corporations and politics either keep apart or that the connection between them is incidental and fairly wholesome. Great industries, of course, are represented, as they should be, in the House of Commons. The shipping industry and the railways are particularly strong. But on the whole the only business that is marshalled as a political force and that plays politics as a matter of course is the liquor business. There have been times when it seemed as though it had given up brewing and distilling for the sake of conducting vast electioneering campaigns.

Now it is clear that the attitude of the State towards a business so huge, so militant, so intimately related to the social life of the people, and so productive of revenue, must always be a matter of supreme importance. In Great Britain, as everywhere else, there is no free trade in the sale of intoxicants. Sale is only permitted by license, the number of licenses is limited, their duration is confined to twelve months, and at the end of the year they must all be renewed. No holder of a license possesses a legal right to have it renewed. Renewal may be refused at the discretion of the local licensing justices (subject to appeal to quarter-sessions) for various reasons—if the public house, for instance, has been improperly conducted, or if there are too many of them in the district. I think there is no question that Parliament intended licenses to be the property of the State, liable to termination at the end of any twelve months, and that in point of law the license-holder has no vested interest in his license beyond the period of one year. The point has, indeed, been definitely established more than once by judicial decisions. On the other hand, the license-holder has the reasonable expectation that his license will be renewed unless on grounds of gross misconduct. And this "reasonable expectation" has naturally developed a monetary value. The licensing justices have hesitated to cancel licenses. They have been inevitably reluctant to take away a man's livelihood. The result is that a well-run house has little or nothing to fear from the annual formality of renewing its license. Moreover, the State by levying death duties on licensed premises on the basis of the license being a continuing possession; the local authorities by proceeding on the same assumption in the matter of assessments; and the courts of law by protecting the rights of those interested in

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the reversion or remainder of a license—have all shown that the expectation of renewal is all but a certainty.

And in this expectation, which is all but a certainty, many millions of pounds have been invested. The brewers, as I have said, have acquired control of the licensed premises, often at extravagant prices, and they figure of course among the assets of the brewing companies. Thus the situation has become immensely complicated by the fact that an army of shareholders has come to have a direct pecuniary interest in regarding licenses, not as annual and revocable privileges, which is their proper legal status, but as permanent grants. An immense amount of capital has been staked on what I have called the "reasonable expectation" that licenses would be renewed. It is easy enough to say that the money should never have been so invested, that the law was perfectly clear, and that those who insisted on treating a probability as an unqualified certainty were simply gambling and would have no right to complain if they were made to suffer the consequences of their rashness. But as a matter of hard fact no Government can ignore these thousands upon thousands of innocent investors who have put down their money, for the most part, in ignorance of the facts, without looking into the pros and cons of a very intricate question, and blindly following the financial fashion of the moment. Their presence has had two important results It has rallied a powerful body of opinion to the view that a license, instead of being an annual tenure, is virtually a freehold and has thus made any drastic remedy by the State, short of complete expropriation, politically impossible. Secondly, it has had the effect of popularizing the notion that compensation should be provided for every license that is extinguished.

As a consequence of these various factors it has come about that the State has practically parted with its control of the liquor traffic. It has issued annual licenses at a very low rate of duty. These annual licenses have acquired a high value principally because their prospect of renewal has been very good. They have changed hands and been bought and sold at prices which were the equivalent of a freehold and monopoly value. But from these increased prices the State, until quite recently, has derived nothing whatever. Issuing low-duty licenses for one year, it has had the mortification of seeing them treated by hard-headed

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men of business as though they were licenses for all time. It has, in short, created a vast property, largely monopolistic in character, and has handed it over without receiving in return any adequate consideration. In 1904 the Unionist Government passed a Licensing Bill which in some ways perpetuated the improvidence of the State and added to the one-sidedness of its relations with the trade. The bill went on the principle that compensation ought to be paid in the event of a license being withdrawn for any other cause than that of misconduct; and it provided the necessary funds by imposing a graduated tax on all public houses in the district, a tax locally raised and administered. The effect of this was that the license-holder found a new security given to his property, its value immensely increased through the extinction of rivals, and compensation provided if his license were refused renewal—all this without the State being a penny the better. The bill was vigorously opposed by the Liberals, who made no attempt either at the time of its passage or during the General Election to conceal their determination to amend it when they again found themselves in power.

That was the task to which they addressed themselves at the beginning of 1908. It was made all the more formidable by reason of the very parlous state in which the brewery companies found themselves. During the previous ten years their shares had greatly depreciated. The value of the shares in twenty-three leading companies showed a decline that averaged over 60 per cent. This was not the fault of any Government, but simply of the company promoters and managers. They had bought up public houses at preposterous figures; they had overcapitalized their concerns; and they had made no adequate provision for writing down their inflated capital or the exorbitant amounts at which their precarious license values stood in their books. The brewery boom was dead; people were drinking far less than they did; and the condition of the stock market since the Boer War had depressed the value of all securities. The brewers in 1908 felt that if, on the top of all this, the State was now to begin harrassing them once more and was to resume its control over the licenses that figured among the most imposing assets in their balance sheets, then ruin and a widespread crash were inevitable. They prepared therefore to put up the fight of their lives. At the same time the

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immensity of the interests involved and the undoubted certainty that too stern a policy would reduce a large number of shareholders to penury or something near it, made it necessary for the Government to deal as tenderly as possible with vested interests and to recognize the claims of equity on a liberal scale.

The Licensing Bill which they brought forward was an extremely intricate and technical measure, but its main objects were clear. First, the bill sought to provide for an immediate and compulsory reduction in the number of licenses. There was to be, roughly speaking, not more than one public house to 750 people in the towns and to 400 people in the country. Secondly, the bill provided for the gradual but complete recovery by the State of those rights in the monopoly of the drink traffic with which it should never have parted. It effected this by imposing a time-limit of fourteen years, after which compensation should cease to be payable for any extinction of old licenses, and all applications for renewals should be treated as though they were applications for new licenses and only issued on the basis of their full monopoly value. The bill had other aims as well. It established, for instance, with regard to new licenses, the right of localities to exercise a veto. It proposed a more effectual system of supervision over clubs in order that the extinction of the public houses might not be nullified by the growth of unlicensed and unregulated drinking dens. It empowered the licensing authorities to exclude children from public houses, to order their closing on Sundays and on election days, and to prohibit the employment of barmaids. It provided, too, that while the compensation fund was to continue during the next fourteen years to be drawn from the trade, the methods of assessments were to be changed so that its benefits might be distributed on a fairer and more uniform scale. But these provisions, while important, were of little significance by the side of the two main purposes of the bill: to reduce the number of licenses—Mr. Asquith hoped to wipe out thirty thousand—and to recover for the State after a period of fourteen years its full control over the drink traffic.

It was a keen challenge to the trade and there was not the least hesitation in taking it up. The brewers and the distillers denounced the bill as a wholesale piece of confiscatory fanaticism. They warned the public that, if it

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passed, no property of whatever kind would be safe. They stigmatized the proposed time-limit, which, after all, merely required the trade to find an annual sinking fund of about five per cent on the total value of the beer and spirits sold in the public houses, as unblushing robbery. The means they employed to arouse hostility against the measure established a new record in electioneering impudence. To meetings and pamphlets and newspaper articles and every instrument of legitimate propaganda no objection could be taken. That the trade should have mustered in force at every by-election and should have done all they could by argument and appeal to defeat the Government candidates was natural and reasonable. But when it came to wealthy brewers trying to bully the Church into resisting the bill, threatening to cut off their subscriptions to charities if it passed, menacing tradesmen with the loss of custom and working men with the loss of employment, wailing their appeals on behalf of the widows and the orphans who were the misguided holders of brewery shares, and replying to every argument of national policy and of social justice or well-being with the conclusive shout: "Your beer will cost you more!"—when it came to this, and in England ten years ago it got beyond it, then I think the limits of political indecency had pretty well been reached.

There had never since the Liberals came into office been the smallest secret of how they intended to deal with the licensing problem. The brewers had foreseen the bill for two years and were prepared for it. They were splendidly organized; they had an enormous campaign fund at their disposal; with the exception of the *Morning Post,* all the Unionist papers were on their side; every bar and restaurant contained a flaming petition of protest which its patrons were pressed to sign; every public house in the country became a centre of electioneering proselytism; every shareholder was adjured in circular after circular to make his voice heard. The Church, it is pleasant to recall, stood by the Government and the bill unflinchingly, sinking for the time all other questions in order to forward what it felt to be a cause of national moment, and steadfastly disregarding both the importunities and the threats of the trade. But the Lords capitulated and the end was that meeting at a famous house in a famous square and the rejection of the bill. I do not think anyone who remembers those days will

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feel other than drawn towards a scheme of State purchase which by its very finality must for ever put a stop to scenes and incidents so full of humiliation for the credit of our public life. Nor do I see how anyone who reflects on the hopeless legal and political entanglement in which the licensing problem had become involved can regret that there is at last a prospect of its being severed by the sword of the State.

The triumph of the brewers proved a short-lived one. The engine of taxation was brought heavily to bear upon them in the Budget of 1909. For the first time the State took something like a fair toll of the monopoly values it had itself created. But that the trade had still an immense power in the House of Commons was shown perhaps more clearly after the outbreak of the war than at any time before it. "Drink," said Mr. Lloyd George in February, 1915, "is doing us more damage in the war than all the German submarines put together." And a little later he declared: "We are fighting Germany, Austria and Drink; and as far as I can see the greatest of these three deadly foes is Drink." The Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he then was, spoke by the book. He knew better than any man how alarmingly the output of our shipyards and munitions factories was being curtailed by drink and how large a proportion of the increased wages of the workmen was being spent in the public houses. He would himself have favored complete prohibition for the duration of the war, but the Cabinet shrank from so daring a leap. He sought accordingly for an effective compromise only to find that in the matter of controlling the drink traffic everybody and every party had "previous convictions." He assured the House, as he well might, that "after the experience of weeks of trying to get a solution that will not provoke controversy, I feel at the end of it I am prepared to take, politically, a pledge never to touch drink again." The proposals he ultimately introduced in April, 1915, included powers to close or control public houses in munition, transport and training areas, the doubling of the duty on spirits, a stiffly graded surtax on beers, and the quadrupling of the duty on wines. Instantly the Unionists and the Nationalists, English beer and Irish stout and whiskey, were up in arms; the whiskey taxes were cancelled; the new duties on beer and wines were withdrawn; and all that Mr. Lloyd George saved from the

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wreckage was a bill prohibiting the sale of spirits under three years of age, and the appointment of a Central Control Board to administer the powers taken in the Defence of the Realm Act for the control of licensed premises in munition-producing and similar areas. Here, again, it is obvious that, had State purchase been in operation before the war, the emergency that confronted and defeated the Government in 1915 could either never have arisen or would have been dealt with by a simple administrative order.

I do not suppose that anyone is particularly proud of our drink record during the war. There was a moment, in the first exaltations of the struggle, when I believe the country would have accepted prohibition or any other sacrifice at the bidding of the Government. But that moment, if it ever existed, was permitted to pass, and our policy since then in regard to drink has been characteristically unheroic. It was a clear case of allowing a national habit to continue, even at some loss of war efficiency, rather than face the tumult that would have been stirred up by an attempt to suppress it. But while we did nothing dramatic and have followed our natural bent by avoiding sudden extremes, none the less by one unsensational step after another we steadily abated the worst evils of alcoholism. By rigorously cutting down the hours within which drink might be sold, by forbidding treating, by closing many public houses altogether, by starting canteens at the munitions works, by limiting the amount of beer that might be brewed and of whiskey that might be distilled, by lowering at the same time their alcoholic content, by prohibiting off-sales and sales on credit, and in certain areas, as for instance, at Carlisle, by taking over the complete control of the business—by these and similar measures an immense change was wrought, not in our national habits but in their consequences.

The statistics tell the tale. In 1914 there were 176,000 convictions for drunkenness. In the following year the number was decreased by over 40,000; in 1916 it fell to 84,000; in 1917 it was somewhere in the neighborhood of 50,000. In other words, so far as the police court records are a fair gauge, there was over three times as much drunkenness in 1914 as in 1917; and no sociologist will regard it as a mere coincidence that the figures for infant mortality are today the lowest in our annals. Whether we are actu-

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ally drinking less I am not sure, but it is quite clear that we are drinking less alcohol, about half as much, I should judge, as we were consuming in the year before the war, when no self-respecting working-man would have tolerated the light beers and attenuated spirits that he is now obliged to put up with. But at the same time we are spending more on drink than ever before. The drink bill for 1914 was $820,000,000; for 1917 it was all but $1,300,000,000. Nothing could be more eloquent of the national determination to keep up the good old national customs at any cost and under any circumstances. Reformers may rage, may point out that up to the end of the war we were still employing 150,000 men of all ages, directly or indirectly, in the sale and manufacture of intoxicants, may urge that the 600,000 tons of barley that were used in the breweries in one year might have made 268,000,000 four-pound loaves of bread, and may insist that it was sheer humbug to talk of putting our last ounce of strength and our last shilling into the war when we allowed this monstrous waste of money and energy to continue. But the only answer of the British working-man was to raise his glass with a hearty " 'Ere's 'ow."

Emphatically we are a drinking people, always have been, and always will be. I said at the beginning of this article that the drink problem had baffled British statesmanship for centuries. The statement was literally true. For the past seven or eight hundred years the problems to which it gives rise have been the constant preoccupation of the people, the clergy and the legislature. There was a distinct temperance movement in the sixth century, some early-closing enactments in the thirteenth, a regular licensing system in the fifteenth, and a whole series of penalties imposed on drunkards and innkeepers by legislation in 1603. The eighteenth century saw some of the hardest drinking and the wildest liquor laws in all human experience; and from the beginning to the end of the nineteenth century hardly five years went by without the drink question in some form or other coming up before Parliament. Those who inveigh against the present and talk of the England of today as though it were given to drink on a quite unparalleled scale can have little knowledge of the past. I was reading the other day in Macauley that in 1688 the people consumed 90 gallons of alcohol per head; they now drink only about 27. A century and a half ago there was one public house to

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every six homes and every fifty people; there is now but one public house to every eighty homes and to every 350 or so people. Drunkenness, too, besides having virtually died out as a society accomplishment, has steadily diminished among all classes. Our people show not the least inclination to give up drink, but they take it in more decent fashion. There is less excessive indulgence, a growing preference for the lighter kinds of liquor, more moderate drinking but less drunkenness, more use but less abuse.

Indeed for the past ten years and more there have been loud complaints that England is growing sober. The complaints have come from hotels and public houses, the managers of restaurants, the directors and shareholders of brewery companies, the secretaries of the big London clubs, and finally and in greatest anguish from successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. All have found their receipts diminishing and all have ascribed it to a real and permanent alteration in the habits of the people, an alteration they welcomed as social reformers but deplored as financiers. The figures confirm their apprehensions. During the thirty years prior to 1873-76 there was a steady and very large increase in the consumption of intoxicants. Then a downward movement set in and reached its lowest point in 1888. It was succeeded by an upward wave which, after a slight check in 1893 and 1894, culminated in 1898-1902. Since then there has been a somewhat rapid falling-off, but the amount drunk, though it has never reached the record figures of 1873-76, is still greater than it was in 1888. If the statistics of the last fifty years can be held to demonstrate anything it is that poverty does not lead to nearly so much drinking as prosperity. Bad times and scarcity of employment mean that the wage-earner, who is the real mainstay of the brewer, has less to spend at the public house. In other words, it is not poverty that takes him there but affluence; poverty drives him out. To improve his condition, therefore, in the hope of thereby winning him over to temperance, seems a policy that is storing up for itself some bitter disappointments.

On the other hand, it does not necessarily follow that good wages and improved conditions always mean more drinking. If such were their invariable effect we should today be drinking more, instead of less, than we were drinking thirty years ago. We smoke well over a third more

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than we did in the seventies, consume half as much sugar again and drink fifty per cent more tea, but we are less and not more indulgent in spirits, wine and beer. If we spent as much on alcoholic liquors today in proportion to the population as we spent thirty years ago, our drink bill just before the war would have been at least $125,000,000 more than it was, and if the increase in drink had kept pace since the seventies with the increase in tobacco, the drink bill for 1913 would have been probably $400,000,000 higher than it was. There has clearly been a shifting of tastes and I should judge a wholesome one.

The countries that drink most are not necessarily the most drunken. On paper the greatest drinkers in the world are the French. They consume about fifteen gallons more of alcohol per head than we do. Yet France is a notoriously temperate country. Before the phylloxera ravaged the vines and led to spirit-drinking, the French probably held the palm for sobriety among European peoples. Italy, Spain and Portugal, being wine-growing and wine-consuming countries, have large statistics of consumption, but are as a matter of fact exceedingly temperate. Northern Russia, Scandinavia and Scotland are the most drunken parts of Europe, though the consumption of alcohol per head is comparatively low. Climate and race have much to do in determining such matters. A warm country is naturally a sober and usually a gambling country. A raw, dull and damp climate predisposes to indulgence. Thus the northern counties of England are more drunken than the southern, Scotland is more drunken than England, and the west coast of Scotland more drunken than the east. The predominant, vigorous, fighting races of Europe, if not of the world, seem always to have been given to strong drink. Energy, enterprise and drink have hitherto been invariably associated in the sum total of national character; and the idea so popular in America just now that temperance makes for virility and that the way to develop strength of character is to run away from temptation instead of meeting and mastering it, is one that has never found favor with our people.

We in Great Britain have an ingrained hatred of all social bigots and fanatics, and the prohibition of drink is about the last cause that is ever likely to succeed in Great Britain. For myself I rejoice in that fact. There are moments, it is true, when one can forgive an English tem-

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perance advocate everything. He may exaggerate, he may be unpractical, he may be defeating his own ends by his unmeasured violence, but the provocation he meets with in the spectacle of the crime, the wretchedness, and the physical and mental deterioration for which drink is largely responsible in Great Britain is undoubtedly prodigious. But a wider philosophy and a deeper experience of life convince one that it is better for a community to drink in moderation than to attempt the impossible task of imposing abstinence by force. There is a masculine calmness and common sense in the British attitude towards such questions that social reformers, instead of girding at, should seek to imitate and to profit by. I detest the political influence and the social position which the liquor trade has won for itself in my country. But I certainly do not want to "rob the British working-man of his beer." On the contrary, I want to educate or induce him to drink as much of it as is good for him and no more. And the most effective steps that can be taken to these ends are, first, to provide him with his favorite beverage in the most wholesome form—to stimulate, in other words, his growing preference for light beers—and secondly, to see that he has a chance of drinking it in clean and cheerful surroundings, in an establishment where he can buy things to eat as well as drink and can consume them sitting down at tables instead of standing up at a bar. Destroy the public house as a drinking den merely and convert it into a miniature restaurant and place of recreation, and temperance will have gained the most powerful ally it can ever hope or desire to secure. It is because the resources of the State can alone effect these reforms that State purchase of the liquor trade on terms that are financially equitable to all the interests embraced by it seems to me a project of the most hopeful significance.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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A TRIBUTE TO MY FRENCH GENERAL

BY COLONEL WILLIAM HAYWARD, 369th INFANTRY

I AM glad to have an opportunity to pay my tribute to the finest, most efficient organization I have ever seen operate, the French Army, and at the same time to the biggest, bravest man I ever came in contact with, a general of that army, Gouraud.

On the afternoon of March 14, 1918, I detrained my regiment, composed of New York City negroes, on the edge of the Argonne Forest. We had toiled in the mud at all sorts of manual labor for nine weeks at St. Nazaire when we had been turned over bodily to the French Army as an American combat unit by General Pershing. Organized hurriedly, when our entrance into the great world war seemed to be imminent, with no armory to house them, my boys had been taught close order drill on the sidewalks of New York, rifle fire, at State expense, for eighteen days at Peekskill, extended order during two weeks at Camp Whitman, and general discipline and orderliness in sixty days' pioneer duty at Camp Dix, and Camp Upton, and guard duty over six hundred miles of railroads, the German interned prisoners at Ellis Island, and seized German ships. It was the street urchin of New York National Guard regiments that now found itself the black orphan of the Army left on the door-steps of the French.

We were met at Givry-en-Argonne by a French general, and learned for the first time that, whereas we had been hurried to France as the 15th New York Infantry, our new name was to be the *369eme Regiment d'Infanterie, U. S.* We also learned that we were to become an integral part of the famous French 4th Army, commanded by a general whose brilliant fighting at the First Battle of the Marne had earned for him the title "Lion of the Argonne," and whose exploits in command of the French at

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Gallipoli, where he had left an arm and part of his hip, had increased his reputation and given him command of the wonderful army which had stubbornly hung on to the difficult terrain stretching from Rheims to the west edge of the Argonne Forest. We were proud to know we were to serve under this man, Gouraud.

We did not have to wait long to see him. The second day after our arrival he came to my billet in a tidy room of a clean French house, the walls of which were covered with sacred pictures and family portraits. The mutilated hero sat down and in fifteen minutes found out from me all there was to know about my regiment. Instead of deprecating our ignorance of modern warfare, he propounded the startling intelligence that he would re-equip and re-organize us into a French regiment from top to bottom, teach us to fight in a couple of weeks and then place us between the German Army and Paris. The General said in a kindly way that while we did not seem to know much about war he was convinced our hearts were in the right place and that, after all, was the main thing with soldier men. I understood at the end of our interview why the French phrase, "The mere sight of him made men brave," had been so often applied to him. It was on this first visit that he became enamored of our band and many times afterward he would motor from Chalons to hear it play. His favorite piece was "Joan of Arc," sung by the Drum Major with the band accompaniment. After such a performance one day he unostentatiously slipped into my hand a considerable sum of money which he insisted I take and give to the families of the first of my soldiers who should be wounded or killed under heroic circumstances. He said, "It is only a little, but the Americans have done such wonderful things for our unfortunate people, I feel we French should at least do all we can, though with no possibility of even beginning to repay the debt."

The general kept his word, and on the 8th day of April my recruits had their baptism of fire "doubled" with a French battalion in the *"Main de Massiges."* Before we could realize it we were holding 5½ kilometres (about 4 miles) of front line trenches and were having daily and nightly encounters with the dreadful enemy who faced us. For nearly ninety days we held this one sector, two bat-

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talions in line, twenty days at a time, and one battalion out ten days. During this time the French trained us and taught us and encouraged us. It was no unusual sight to see two French generals carefully instructing and drilling a battalion of my regiment, theoretically at rest for a ten day period, at 7 o'clock in the morning and again after dark. And there was no impatience, no needless criticism, no arrogance, no condescension from these wonderful comrades in arms who had accepted us, and who told us, "You now belong to our house."

By the first of July we could stand alone. Early in June the French High Command had concluded that the next great German offensive was to be directed against the Champagne, the part of France that the army of Gouraud held. Although the terrible assaults of the Boche on the English, March 21st, and upon the French, May 27th, had not been disastrous, nor decisive, it was clear that another such successful push would stretch the thin blue and khaki line to the breaking point and put the German Army into Paris. No means had been devised for stopping the terrible mass formation used by the Germans. And while the colossal losses suffered by them were gratifying to talk about and think about, a look at the map was disconcerting, even terrifying.

The probability of the great attack falling on us in the Champagne became a certainty before the end of June. Repeated French raids, carefully prepared and executed, brought back German prisoners, who told us all we wanted to know of the concentration of great forces, re-organized divisions, and reserves of infantry and artillery opposite us. In the March attack sturdy British "shoulder-to-shoulder" defense of the first lines had failed. In May the French checker-board defense of "Eschelons in Depth" had failed, so General Gouraud decided on a departure from former methods. It was very simple, once he had thought it out. We were to practically evacuate our first-line positions and very strongly build up, fortify, and man what were known as the "intermediate positions" from two to three kilometres in the rear. We were to leave only a handful of men in the front lines to retard and signal the advance of the enemy assault, hinder it with machine-gun fire, and on retiring leave the dugouts and trenches drenched with mustard gas.

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It was on this unique plan that we toiled day and night all through June and the first days of July. Our thin line grew stronger. Infantry and artillery crawled in behind us night after night under cover of darkness, and on the 7th of July came the thrilling order of the day from Gouraud addressed to the French and American soldiers in his army. The American soldiers were the Rainbow Division, including the gallant 69th, New York, a little American heavy artillery, and my Regiment. It was translated and read to our men as follows:

"Order of the day addressed to the French and Americans of the 4th Army, July 7th, 1918.

"We are about to be attacked at any moment. You all realize that never was a defensive battle fought under more favorable conditions. We are prepared and are on our guard. We are powerfully reinforced in artillery and infantry. You will fight on terrain which you have transformed by your unceasing toil into a redoubtable fortress, an invincible fortress if all the passages are well guarded.

"The bombardment will be terrible; you will bear it without weakening. The assault will be brutal, in clouds of dust, smoke and gas. But your positions and armament are formidable. In your breasts beat the brave, true hearts of free men. No one will look backward. No one will yield one bit. Each one will have but one thought,—to kill, to kill much, until they have had enough of it.

"That is why your general says to you, 'You will crush this assault, and it will be a beautiful day.'

GOURAUD."

To show the extent of the withdrawal from the front line, it is only necessary to say that in the sector held by us, where there had been two battalions—approximately 1,600 men—there were left two patrols of eight men each. A successful raid by the French on the night of July 14th brought back prisoners who gave us the information that the German artillery preparation was to begin at midnight and that the great infantry mass would leave its trenches at 4:15 and, following a creeping barrage, would come across "No Man's Land," capture the first positions, and continue victoriously crushing its way to Chalons and down the valley of the Marne to Paris. But it did not happen that way. This information enabled General Gouraud

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to start his counter artillery preparation in advance of the German. As our boys said when the furious French artillery fire began, "The old man has beaten them to it." Our guns were heard in Paris, and the terrible deluge of French steel, gas and explosives was felt in Berlin. It was too late for the Germans to change their plans, so they went ahead as best they could, but their great 4:15 assault, even following their artillery fire, was a thrust against empty trenches on which a deadly French fire fell as soon as the Germans occupied them. The French guns were firing into the back doors of their own gas-filled dugouts and it was an unhappy afternoon for the Boche. At no point did the enemy pierce General Gouraud's real line of resistance, the intermediate position. By noon the advance had stopped, but the Germans were still savagely attacking. By night, with broken lines of wire communications somewhat repaired, runner routes re-established and working, and the whole marvelous French system of liaison functioning, as it only can function, a thrill went through the army. There was good news from the right, and better news from the left. The French losses had been relatively small. Everywhere the enemy was stopped. "It could not be better," the French said. The Germans, terribly punished and demoralized, were in a suitable frame of mind to be easily driven from our front lines by counter attacks, and July 16th came the second Order of the Day from our great leader:

"Soldiers of the 4th Army, July 16th, 1918.

"On the 15th of July you have destroyed the effort of fifteen German divisions, supported by ten others. According to their orders they expected to reach the Marne by evening; you have stopped them in their tracks, at the spot where we chose to give and gain the battle.

"You have the right to be proud, heroic infantry and machine gunners of the advance posts, who signalled the attack and retarded it, aviators who flew over it, battalions and batteries which broke it, headquarters which had so minutely prepared the plan of battle. It is a hard blow for the enemy, it is a beautiful day for France. I count on you always to do the same thing each time that they will dare to attack, and from all my heart of a soldier, I thank you. GOURAUD."

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The night of the 17th, as we were working our way back to the original front lines, from my dugout I wrote Governor Whitman: "The Boche is beaten. At his maximum strength, we have stopped him along a front of fifty miles, with fewer soldiers than we will ever have again on our side in this war. It may take two months or it may take two years to drive him across the Rhine, but each day will see him on his way." And it was true. Marshal Foch executed that most difficult operation, according to Napoleon, and passed from defensive to offensive warfare. The counter thrusts west of Rheims followed quickly, one after the other. He began to throw in the American divisions, the 1st, the 2nd, the 3rd, the 4th, the 26th, the 28th, the 32nd and finally the gallant Rainbows, who had been in our defensive fight as well. Whatever the outside world knew, our American soldiers away up there on the French battle front, the advance guard of the mighty American Army that was coming so slowly, knew that civilization and liberty were saved, and that it was the crafty strategy and sturdy leadership of Gouraud and the splendid heroism of the inspired French Army which had saved them. The French,—clean, brave, modest, gallant and scientific through and through!

We hope and pray France may never have to fight again for her very life; but if she does and she can use an American infantry officer, who knows and loves the French poilu as a brother, I will be there.

WILLIAM HAYWARD.

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THE SOLDIER IN THE CLASSROOM

BY HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE

PERHAPS the Pen *is* mightier than the Sword. Frankly I am skeptical. Some day I may know. At present I am giving it the acid test in my class in journalism.

Before coming to the acid test should I not mention that I am a soldier and that my students are soldiers? Also that I am a private in the ranks sitting as one in judgment upon my superiors? For my students are three sergeants, four second lieutenants and one first lieutenant, and the uniform we wear is that of the Tank Corps, British Army. And should I not mention that our classroom is an artillery harness shed in an English camp; for is there not romance in journalism, and is there not great romance in teaching journalism in an artillery harness shed in Hardy's country?

Properly speaking, my acid test, my class and myself, come under the head of Reconstruction. We are a part of it, for my little experiment is a part of the Army's Education Training Scheme.

Let it suffice that the Education Training Scheme is a whole hearted effort to prepare the British soldier for civil life. It aims to reach the skilled and the unskilled and those who, after working in the heat of the day, find their whole outlook changed. To the skilled it offers supplementary training to make up for all that was lost in four years of war. To the unskilled it opens up an opportunity to learn a trade. To the legion whose outlook is changed it comes as a refreshing breeze at the close of a mid-summer day, bringing to the shop assistant the knowledge that he need not return to the counter and to the clerk a respite from his books.

The call to Reconstruct comes in the night. It is the week before Christmas. "Last Post" has sounded. The door of our hut opens and in walks the Orderly Sergeant.

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This is unusual for in our hut are only men of the British Expeditionary Force. All others, those who have "dodged the column" and never have been overseas, together with the "rookies" are in huts apart and they bear the burden of the fatigues we are spared. So it is not usual for the Orderly Sergeant to visit us for the office of Orderly Sergeant is such that he may say to one "Come" and to another "Go"!

We turn from the stove and stare at the intruder. He walks in with a cheery "Hello, lads," but we are not to be taken in with that and remain silent. Then comes the call to Reconstruct for he reads to us the programme of the Education Training Scheme.

"Any of you boys," he says, "who want to go in for these things are to give in your names at the company office in the morning." He leaves us and we poke the fire and talk it over.

"Education be blowed; give me my ticket," says one.

"Ain't it just like the army," exclaims another. "When you've finished fightin' and shed your bloomin' blood for them they wants you to go to school!"

"Still," argues a third, "if they are going to do this I'd like to learn poultry farming."

All eyes turn upon the radical. "Say, old china, what do you know about hens?"

"Nothing! That's why I want to learn." The reasoning is not correct.

"Righto, mate, we'll learn it together," comes encouragement from across the room.

"I'll go in on that." . . . "And *me.*"

The critics resort to ridicule and the hut resounds with ironic cock-a-doodle-doos.

"Lights Out!" falls upon our ears. We hurry to turn in. Over in a corner someone is whistling "Roses in Picardy."

I unroll my puttees.

"Never a rose like you——"

I kick off my iron-shod boots, fold my tunic for a pillow.

The lights snap off.

I wrap my blanket about me and stretch out on the floor. The sergeant said Spanish. Very well, I will learn Spanish and some day when I am demobilized I will

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search for sunken galleons and for boxes bursting with Spanish gold. My boyhood ambition reaches attractively before me. My path is strewn with pieces of eight. I close my eyes and, because truth is stranger than fiction, dream of nothing!

In the morning the poultry farmers number six! Two of them are of the scoffers who crowed the loudest. They go to the company office and give in their names to a bored-looking clerk. Some duty prevents me from going so I write out an application to join the Spanish class—and at the bottom I offer to instruct in journalism. The urge comes at the last moment.

That afternoon I hear my name shouted along the lines and tumble out of the hut to be told to report at once to the education officer.

"What do you propose to teach?" asks the military headmaster.

"Practical journalism so far as the classroom permits."

"Sit down!" the Captain waves me into a chair and lights a cigarette.

Now imagine the scene: the cubicle in an army hut, the Centurion and the man-at-arms, rank for the moment put aside, intent alone upon Reconstruction!

"Go on!" the Centurion says.

"Practical journalism," I repeat. "How news is gathered and written and interpreted; how it is printed and spread abroad—in short newspaper publishing—" I break off to correct the phrase. "Newspaper making is better, sir."

"Ah!" The Centurion's cold eye brightens. "Newspaper making," he repeats. "I like that word; sounds practical." He makes a notation of it on a pad. "When could you begin?" he inquires.

"After returning from Christmas leave, sir."

The cold eye stares at the calendar behind me. "Very good; be ready to start up the first week in January." He nods pleasantly. I rise and salute and leave the room.

Christmas finds me in London. Each day I buy the newspapers and make clippings and prepare my syllabus. The days pass quickly. I find it will take months, perhaps years, to select typical news stories, but in the British Museum I find just what I want and when I return it is with Prof. W. G. Bleyer's *Newspaper Writing and*

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Editing as an unbruised reed upon which to lean. True, the examples are American, but for the purposes of the classroom, Broadway can easily be converted into the Strand!

The Poet is the first to come. He taps timidly on the door and waits for the word within.

"Come"!

He enters only as far as the threshold.

"Can you tell me where the class in journalism is being held?"

"It is to be held here, sir."

"Oh! . . ." as if the answer was what he feared. But he steps inside and closes the door. For a moment he is evidently half-inclined to put his cane on one of the barrack tables, with which the harness room now is furnished, but something causes him to change his mind. Instead he stands and eyes me with an evident embarrassment that I do not share.

"Won't you sit down?" I wave him to one of the forms.

"Ah! . . . Er! . . . Ah! . . . Thanks." This time he does lay his stick on the table.

I explain that others are to come and we sit and talk—about the weather! Half an hour drags past. We have learned that we were in the same brigade and that in the March show we fought on either side of the same road. . . . Are the others *never* coming? Ah! the door opens—but it is the Centurion.

"Is this all?" The Centurion looks unfortunately at the Poet. I remain silent. Then fingering his wrist watch nervously: "I'll send a note round to the adjutants of Nos. 1 and 2 Battalions and the Officers Battalion asking what on earth has happened to the others." He disappears without further parley.

For a minute or two the atmosphere is charged with Failure. The Poet sits in silence, flicking the ash off his cigarette. I force the talk and soon he is confiding to me that he is a mechanical engineer.

"But I want to write," he admits. "I want to write Poetry. You know, I believe it's awfully well paid—two guineas for half a dozen lines—and I could so easily dash off a triolet or two in my spare time."

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I shall not try to describe my feelings. What is one to say to persons who do not know what they are talking about? Evidently, I think, Reconstruction is not without its humors. I make no effort to explain that Poetry and newspaper work are things apart. In time I will refer him to Lanier's *Science of English Verse*. He will take it up because the title will attract him in view of his training along the lines of mechanical engineering! I simply suggest that we call it off until the morrow, and he leaves.

In the morning they come in ones and twos—the Short Story writer, the Iron Molder, the Sphinx, the Compositor, the Contractor, the Gold Coast Trader and the "Bookie." The Poet is the last to arrive. I suspect he has purposely delayed.

Now that we are all assembled we sit in a group together and chat aimlessly for a few minutes, after which I take down their names and inform them that attendance is considered a parade and there can be no unaccountable absences. This by force of written instructions to me.

I look up from my nominal roll with fears that my students are here to escape irksome regimental duties and with no burning desire to take up journalism as a career. I think it best to let them know my feelings and I put my cards face up on the table. They smile a little but in the eyes of two or three I think I detect seriousness of purpose and am encouraged to begin my first lecture.

Of course an artillery harness room cannot be expected to have all the contrivances of a modern classroom, but I note a great expanse of wall of some composition, dark in color, that will serve as a blackboard and as the ground is chalk I have only to stoop down for the wherewithal to write. So with a white sticky substance that is half stone and half clay I inscribe in a conspicuous place the skeleton of newspaper organization:

I. Business office.
II. Editorial staff.
III. Mechanical force.

As I talk I encourage questions and it is not long before I discover that one has served his apprenticeship and is now a not unknown writer of short stories. From him I exact a promise to talk on short story writing, and the Compositor I enlist to explain the mysteries of the linotype. They offer a strange contrast those two. The writer

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proves himself to be a practical craftsman, the compositor an impractical mechanic, although probably competent by force of the habit to work.

Gradually I come to know them all intimately. The keenest is the Iron Molder. He is training himself under one of the "Improve Your Memory" courses and is enthusiastic about it. He is determined to raise himself out of his rut and he will succeed. If all the work showed the marked improvement of his we should do well. The contractor has been in business house building with his father. As an officer he mixed with men he would never otherwise have met and now he wishes not to fall back into the prewar groove. If necessary he will emigrate, and he tells me his wife is rather anxious to get away to a new country. The Gold Coast Trader I find to be anything but an adventurer. More glamor attaches to lectures in journalism than to instruction in arithmetic or language and so he joins. When I point out that he has a splendid reserve to go to in his experiences on the West African Coast he at once becomes a disciple and drinks in all I say. The "Bookie" is an Irishman of the type who has an Irish name. To look at him would be to guess his name. I never learned his civil occupation but I think of him as the "Bookie" because I'm sure that when he shall put aside his uniform he will wear loud clothes. The "Sphinx" I never fathom. He rarely speaks and yet is not serious for he always has that enigmatic Mona Lisa smile.

Before many days are over we are discussing ways and means toward publishing a newspaper of our own and interest is general for even those who were apathetic seem to have found something to stir them from their lethargy.

"Who will suggest a name for our paper?" I ask—there is a momentary pause—of nervousness more than anything else.

"*The Tanks Corps Chronicle.*" The Short Story Writer looks around for approval. No one speaks.

"That is rather long. The title should be short." For a moment I feel that he is offended at my words, for he remains silent and seeks solace in his pipe. Curiously the Contractor, from whom least of all I expected happy invention, comes to the rescue.

"What do you say to *The Whippet?*"

"Excellent!" Approval is general and each day we

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spend an hour discussing how best to overcome such trifling difficulties as having neither paper nor ink nor printing materials. But we feel we can have our paper printed somewhere and blindly go on planning its scope.

Our lectures on newspaper making progress satisfactorily. I select examples from Bleyer or *The Times* and write the facts on the blackboard—for we have one now, complete with real chalk—and my students reconstruct the crime. They are quick to learn and each written story shows striking improvement.

At last I feel we are far enough advanced to gather materials for our newspaper. From the door the word JOURNALISM has been erased and in its place appears

Offices Of
THE WHIPPET

The announcement makes a mild sensation in camp and all who pass stop to read. We begin to gather our material together and I draw up an assignment sheet and send out my reporters—one to get an article on the educational scheme, one to report all the sports, a third to get a color story of the work of the Woman's Auxiliary Army Corps, which is represented in our camp, a fourth to write up the band and the Short Story Writer to do the editorials. Other articles quickly suggest themselves.

We are all working feverishly, the harness room looking like a veritable editorial office, with newspapers strewn upon the floor, when the Centurion ushers in a General! I look up and am about to call my class to Attention when the General waves all formality aside. He surveys the inscriptions that have not been rubbed off the walls and questions me briefly. He leaves at last, surprised and satisfied.

But I am not to see *The Whippet* published. Suddenly the order for my demobilization comes through. I appeal to the Short Story Writer and he agrees to carry on. So I bequeath Bleyer to the class, leave *The Whippet* in the hands of my students, and pass out of the class room a soldier no more.

HAROLD A. LITTLEDALE.

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THE FRENCH PEACE COMMISSIONERS—II

BY MARCEL KNECHT

PRIME MINISTER GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

In 1865, William E. Marshall, famous for his picture of Lincoln, and the landscape painter, A. B. Durand, received a visit from a young French physician who brought letters of introduction to them and who had been obliged by his avowed republicanism to leave the France of Napoleon III. He was only twenty-four, with moderate resources besides his doctor's degree. His light blue eyes, deep sunk under bushy eyebrows, were bright with youth, fancy and wit, and a light moustache softened somewhat the irony of the mouth. Dr. Georges Clemenceau was simple; he made a good appearance without being a dandy, and his charming spontaneity and burning enthusiasm immediately won for him the friendship of artists, writers and congenial men of New York, on whom he made an indelible impression. In the quiet of a little apartment at 212 West 12th Street, Dr. Clemenceau spent many a feverish night preparing a translation of John Stuart Mill, whose philosophy he endorsed, with the cooperation of W. E. Marshall, who was a thinker as well as a painter.

It was the resort of poets, artists and dreamers: the cradle of the Washington Square writers and of the daring innovators of Greenwich Village. He loved this Latin Quarter of New York, where, in spite of the roar of industrial life, men still found time to inquire into the origin of the good and the beautiful. Clemenceau had about him a charming group of faithful friends, who greatly admired his brilliant intelligence and clear judgment, whole-souled disinterestedness and great heart.

I was listening the other day to a New Yorker of

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seventy—also a noble heart—whose memories of our Great Young Man from 1865 to 1869 are still fresh, and this is what he said to me:

"I knew that our dear Georges would one day be a very great Frenchman and that he would unite his compatriots to ensure victory. No one knows better than myself the nobility of his sentiments, the delicacy of his soul and the loyalty of his friendship. And I cannot tell you how deeply moved I was when I saw, in our magazines, pictures of him sharing, in spite of his great age, the rough life of his soldiers, his 'poilus,' martyrs in the holiest of causes."

Between two pieces of literary work, and visits to studios or museums, the young man had decided to teach in an excellent school for girls, Miss Aitkins' Academy, at Stamford, the green and picturesque Connecticut town. Every week, Doctor Clemenceau would go several times to Stamford, but always returned with alacrity to 12th Street and his friends. His original, conscientious and remarkable method of teaching was most successful, and in Stamford I have come across several old people who still speak with admiration of the "wonderful French teacher" of 1868.

After having enjoyed to the full the liberty of free and idealistic America, Dr. Clemenceau instinctively realized what his next task was to be and left for France, where he took up the hard and thankless business of politics. Then the hurricane of 1870 blew over France, separating Alsace-Lorraine from us, in spite of the fiery protests of the Republican deputies, among whose signatures was that of the former Stamford teacher.

Next came the birth of the third Republic, and its growth amidst storms, gales, crises and deaths. Gambetta first, then Déroulède, Ferry, General Boulanger, Floquet; finally Méline, Waldeck-Rousseau and our present days. What problems! What stupendous struggles! Abroad the menace of Bismarck, still unsatisfied, and our colonial campaigns; at home, social, religious and economic questions bringing in their train violent movements. But Clemenceau, more and more master of his prodigious abilities, persistently fought, attacked, pursued and avenged, with the formidable weapons he wielded: his pen and his

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eloquence, sometimes winged like poetry, sometimes as pitiless as Retribution.

The year 1903 dawned on France with the heavy oppression of the brewing tempest. So far she had frankly turned her activity to her great inner problems and had just avoided a conflict with England over Fashoda. The intelligence and tact of Admiral Fournier had also averted for the world, and especially for France, a clash between England and Russia, which might have resulted from the Hull incident.

It was on the coast of Morocco, in 1904, that the first shot of the world conflagration of 1914 was fired; the insolent and threatening arrival of the Kaiser, backed by his entire people and drunk with pride and hatred, was the premonitory sign of the catastrophe to come,—for those Europeans who could read it. A few French statesmen, realizing how serious the future looked, appealed to the living forces of the nation, so as to present before the brutal enemy as fortified a front as possible, and above all, a front morally invincible. Clemenceau left his favorite seat on the opposition benches, and became a member of the Cabinet, and Prime Minister.

With the inspired fire that had attracted to him so many American friendships, Clemenceau restored confidence, and strengthened the prestige of the glorious French army, which the shock of recent political passions had not exactly diminished, but disconcerted. He continued the successful policy of M. Th. Delcassé, and Great Britain will never forget the deep emotion of the people of London when, in Westminster Abbey, a strong man, full of energy, came with simplicity, in the name of the French Republic, to lay a wreath of flowers of France on the coffin of his friend, Campbell-Bannermann.

Ever imaginative, hiding under his moustache and the shafts of his humor an exquisite tenderness and youthful spirit, Georges Clemenceau has always made the right national gesture and found the words that eternal history engraves in the memory of men and nations. A true son of Vendée, he incarnates the knightly spirit of the noble population that gave so many heroes first to its kings, then to the immortal and victorious Republic.

The Christianity of the race has set its seal upon the most independent of philosophers, upon the thinker

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free from any organized religion, who used to translate John Stuart Mill on the banks of the majestic Hudson and who wrote that strange Chinese story: *The Veil of Happiness.*

If M. Clemenceau pays no heed to dogmas and to the practices of religion, he nevertheless observes its spirit of sacrifice. He has transmuted his religious aspirations in the magnificent love, both spiritual and physical, that he bears his French fatherland, its provinces, its fruitful soil, its peasants and workers, laborious and sensible, and all its joyous children. Sister Théonesse, who, before the war, nursed her illustrious patient with such devotion, was well rewarded in November, 1918, for the Premier caused the news of the armistice to be telephoned to her before any one else.

Germany had already had him to deal with, a few years before the war, when, relying on the righteousness of our cause, on Russian friendship and British good feeling, M. Clemenceau won a victory over German diplomacy, whose heavy artillery was not yet completed. This new move of the "Tiger" gave fresh hope and legitimate pride to France, whom Bismarck had almost mortally wounded. During the years that preceded 1914, M. Clemenceau constantly and vigorously supported those who were preparing a strong army. It was his clear-sighted judgment that gave the management of our famous War School to Colonel F. Foch, a pupil of the Jesuits, and brother of Father Foch, S.J.

The mobilization of France inspired him with great words; then the polemist came uppermost.

A powerful figure in the Senatorial Commission of the Army, M. Clemenceau examined, verified, suppressed and organized, projecting into every corner his searching scrutiny. The Senate had both respect and affection for him, for his colleagues were well aware of his sincerity and devotion to the country.

The Chamber of Deputies admired his unconquerable youth, and those parries and thrusts of the practiced duelist. The Parisian, who dearly loved opposition, took a keen delight in his editorials in *L'Homme Libre,* later *L'Homme Enchaîné*—freer than ever.

As President of the Inter-parliamentary Committee, his old friend Stephen Pichon at his side, M. Clemenceau

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rallied all the members of the allied Parliament: Lord Bryce, L. Luzzatti, Sir Charles Henry, etc.

When he thanked the British members of Parliament who officially came to place flowers on the Statue of Joan of Arc and on that of the City of Strasbourg, the former Stamford teacher availed himself of the opportunity to praise Lorraine's most noble daughter in an oration whose classicism was pure delight to his hearers.

Young in spite of his years, young with the youth of the America of 1868, the "Tiger" divined that the Allies were about to weaken, that they would lose the war if they did not make a mighty effort. So he donned a trench helmet, armed himself with a stout Vendée stick, and "le Père la Victoire" leaped to the front, where, hidden in a depression of the soil, sometimes at Verdun, sometimes at Ypres or Rheims, he listened less to the hiss of German shells than to the unconstrained conversation of the new saints of France, the poilus. He loved them with a grandfather's affection; he was ready to help them, as he helped, when a young man, his artist and writer friends of New York. And as these obscure heroes had suffered for months and were sometimes discouraged, the Great Old Man had talks with them, and gradually, in the mud of the trenches, through nights of hardship, the young soldiers of France would catch the glimpse of a new star. Confidence returned; Clemenceau had blown the bugle, and all responded to its clarion call. It was the birth of a new "Sacred Union."

M. Clemenceau gave us one more proof of the soundness of his judgment; in 1914 Colonel Foch became one of the victors of Nancy and of the Marne, then of Ypres. Proud of having Pétain at the head of the French armies, M. Clemenceau suggested his friend, General Foch, to the Allies as generalissimo, enabling the latter to make use of the admirable American reserve forces and to gain the most signal victory in History. General Mordacq and M. G. Mendel, his cabinet chief, surround him with almost filial devotion. Since 1918, M. Clémenceau has constantly held the flag of France, while Foch and Pétain have held the sword.

The matter of Franco-American cooperation in connection with war affairs, M. Clemenceau entrusted to his friend and colleague, M. André Tardieu, and it has had

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no more enthusiastic worker than the Prime Minister.

When the latter saw the superb soldiers of the United States march by, hundreds of thousands strong, he must have felt deep emotion upon reading on their young faces the same loyalty, the same alert intelligence, the same simplicity he had known long years before in the streets of Manhattan, as an exile doctor and teacher.

The last surviving member who signed the republican protest of 1871, the "Tiger," now 76 years old, a Bayard without fear and without reproach, has recently been the recipient of three supreme rewards, and he has given the world an example of the brotherly spirit of forgiveness.

France and her Parliament bestowed upon him the honor of announcing the armistice and liberation of Alsace-Lorraine to the world.

The Allied armies acclaimed him in reconquered Metz, in front of the statue of Marshal Ney, when, after he had given Marshal Pétain the insignia of his rank, in the presence of Joffre, Foch and Pershing, President Poincaré turned to the Premier and gave him the symbolic accolade of France and her army.

Finally, the respect and confidence of the Allied delegates and chiefs of the various nations gave him the chairmanship of the Peace Conference, at which he tries with every fibre of his extraordinary being to protect at the same time the higher interests of humanity and the sacred cause of his martyred country.

As all the world knows, a dastardly attempt was recently made on the life of this pioneer of democracy. With utter unselfishness, with the kindly wisdom of a very old man who has seen much, and in recognition of the deeper bond linking all humanity, M. Clemenceau has requested the President of the Republic to save the would-be assassin, Cottin, from the guillotine, and not to break the hearts of the unfortunate parents.

We are all of us proud, we Frenchmen of France and of Alsace-Lorraine, to have at the head of our Delegation Dr. Georges Clemenceau, one-time citizen of New York.

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FOREIGN MINISTER STEPHEN PICHON

It was in 1918 that Georges Clemenceau again chose as his immediate helper his faithful friend, M. Stephen Pichon, Senator from Jura, whose intelligence, judgment and experience he had already had occasion to appreciate during certain critical hours of the past. Side by side, united by their ardent love for France and devotion to the Republic, by years of work in the journalistic field and in the Senate, the two veterans organized the Victory Cabinet—not the least of their many achievements.

After receiving a thorough education at Besancon, M. Stephen Pichon was attracted by the intensive culture of Paris. There he learned something of the struggle for life, but he very soon found himself in the Republican circles which were later to bring him to the highest offices of the State.

The restless life of Paris, the contact with Republican committees, gave the budding journalist a large field for action, in which he could experiment with his vigorous pen, always tipped with reason.

Between 1890 and 1904, M. Stephen Pichon rapidly acquired the reputation of being a remarkable newspaper man, with a peculiar gift for foreign politics; he also proved of immense value to his country as Governor of Tunisia, and then as Minister to China, during the Boxer uprising.

A real orator, a diplomat by profession, he was certain of considerable success in politics, and as soon as he entered Parliament he enjoyed the absolute confidence of his colleagues of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Under President Loubet and Fallières, with M. Clemenceau and Th. Delcassé, first as Minister of Foreign Affairs, then as an independent orator and journalist, M. Stephen Pichon devoted his untiring energy to restoring France's prestige abroad and to consolidating her alliances and ententes. He was one of the rare statesmen who, as early as 1900, understood that for France, isolated as she is in the West, it was an imperious necessity to strengthen the bond of the "Entente Cordiale," to renew with Italy the former fraternal conferences, and to neglect nothing that would tend to make our country loved and respected throughout the world.

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No one more than M. Pichon encouraged the efforts and valuable initiative of the France-Amérique Committee and of M. Gabriel Hanotaux, Minister and Academician, who, as early as 1906, smoothed the way for the great alliance with the United States and for our cordial relations with South America. It was natural enough, therefore, that when war broke out, the Senator for Jura should immediately become one of the most eminent leaders of the Senate Commission on Foreign affairs, whose intensive labors, added to those of the sister Commission of the Chamber of Deputies, were to bear such good fruit.

In conjunction with three other great journalists, M.M. Georges Clemenceau, André Tardieu and Henry Franklin Bouillon, M. Pichon organized the Inter-parliamentary Committee which, in 1915 and 1916, was to establish close friendly and business relations between the French, British, Italian, Serbian and Belgian parliaments. More intimate union between the various parliaments was the starting-point of greater cooperation between the Allied armies, navies and industries.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Clemenceau Cabinet is the second delegate of France at the Peace Conference. He is above all the representative of the diplomacy and people of France, and we are too well acquainted with the political career and sincere democratic aspirations of M. Stephen Pichon not to be convinced that he has never ceased to give the other Allied delegates the benefit of his invaluable common sense, and an experience and wisdom worthy of his great country.

MARCEL KNECHT.

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OUR WELCOME TO THE SOLDIER

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

With welcoming Sun and Sky and the thrill and murmur of Pageantry in the expectant air, that long heralded day had dawned at last for the Metropolis of our land. Along the commanding Avenue, decked out in festival attire of flag and banner, streamer and emblem, through the Victory Arch proclaiming in its every part the creative genius of Architect and Sculptor, between a multitude such as no man might number, and to accompaniment of martial and joyous strains, of acclaiming plaudit and emotional tear, and yet alas behind the processional gun-caisson with solemn trappings and memorial laurel wreath, and the eloquent Service Flag with its many Golden Stars, symbolic both of a supreme sacrifice—the returning Soldier of the Republic marched on with rhythmic tread and face aglow with glad consciousness of a beloved City's pride and exultation in his faith, his valor and his fame.

In vain might Memory search her fairest tablets for such a tribute and a like home-coming.

In turn will each city and hamlet of the country, with appropriate fervor and ceremony, open arms and heart to its own Hero-Boys.

Shall this, however, be all there is to be told of the story as to the home-coming of the Soldier, and is his old life to be resumed as it was before? Are we content to see him take off with the khaki that something of the spirit, which we had persuaded ourselves and him he had put on with that khaki, never to take off again? Is our proffered handshake on that day to be the last? Is our applause of his deeds to be succeeded by no abiding interest in his future welfare? Are we only in charity or from motives of decency or prudence to give an artificial eye to make more presentable the disfigured face, or for his livelihood the artificial leg or arm in the place of that which was shot away, and give him next to nothing of ourselves in substitution for the comradeship that was his whilst under arms? Are we to leave solely to National and State Legislation and to Community Councils the bettering of his industrial condition and ignore all thought of his intellectual training which

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would fit him not alone for a more comfortable but for a wiser, more influential and profitable life than ever before? Are we to fail to realize that at last we have a vast disciplined unit, ready under right guidance to serve the Republic in peace against the enemies of law and order as effectually as against the brutal forces of Junkerdom on the field of battle, and to make its contribution of reasonableness to the readjustment and compromise we know to be before us, as the old order is yielding to the new? Is our attitude toward the Soldier, of whom we have asked and received so much, to be but one more illustration of Henry Adams' cynicism, that America has always taken tragedy lightly?

Let every right-minded citizen with much searching of his conscience, or fears if need be, ponder well the possible sequel. For the tasks and problems which confront our Country will not be changed materially, even if the counsels of perfection prevail at the Paris Peace Conference; where, however, Contention and Procrastination seem to occupy not inconspicuous seats. And when we shall have ministered to the maimed, the halt and the blind and provided jobs for the jobless, have seen the benefit to them of such legislation as the Vocational Rehabilitation Act of Congress and have sought to relieve the misery of our crippled world whose tears are not yet dry, we shall scarcely have entered upon the discharge of our duty to the Soldier or through him to the State and to ourselves.

We have heretofore known altogether too little of the fine quality of our youth, even in communities where we reside. Again and again, as Chairman of a Board of Instruction in Nassau County of New York, I saw manifest a new spirit among them, though space suffices to recount but one or two of the quickening experiences which were of almost daily occurrence.

It so happened that a justifiable claim for exemption was made by the relative of a boy whose two brothers had gone to the War. As discussion of the matter proceeded, it transpired that the Boy, who was disposed not to go, had once been in the Elmira Reformatory. He was told how commitment to a reformatory as against confinement in prison suggested a view on the part of the Judge that there was something in the offender which entitled him to his *locus*

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poenitentiae; that if he stayed at home he would always carry about with him the stain of his misdoing, but that it might be washed out forever by service to his Country. Without a moment's pause he put behind him his right of exemption, as with a new light on his countenance he declared "I'm going"; and he went.

A contingent of these Boys, as they were starting for Camp, were told of the momentous errand on which they were bound, and how—if they came back with a new conception of the dictates of citizenship—they might make a lasting contribution to the future well-being of themselves, their families, the community and the State. One of them—deputized to speak for all—said with very apparent emotion at the end of the address, "We want you to be sure that we have resolved to come back better men."

Another made a false answer in his Questionnaire so as to entitle himself to exemption. It was handed to the Chairman of the Local Board of Selection, who declined to receive it officially; and when a new Questionnaire was filled out, it contained only the facts, and the Boy thereupon went to Camp and subsequently to France. Again and again on the field of battle he was promoted for valor; and as a Commissioned Officer he wrote back to the Chairman letters filled throughout with such lofty spirit as in Barrés' *Faith of France* or in Lausanne's *Fighting France* we find to be a possession of the soldier of the French Republic.

Said this Boy:

> This experience over here has given me an entirely new outlook on life—a better, cleaner and purer one, I am sure. It must come to every man who is constantly facing sudden death. It makes one think seriously and solemnly where he has never thought before. I feel an entirely changed man—and for the better too! If God brings me out safely through this struggle I shall surely make much of my life where I couldn't have done so without this tremendous experience.
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> I am about to advance even once more into a position of awful combat where we meet the enemy—man to man—and to a finish. I wish you would remember me kindly in your prayers and think of me as glad to be here.
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> I feel that in this army life of one year I have made my largest success—rising, alone, on merit only—from private to commissioned officer. I want my record to be clean and straight, either to bring it home as such—or to hand it down to my wife and child (if I be so blessed) in case fate decrees that my body remain here.

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These Boys are types of hosts of others throughout our land, with their manhood tempered and refined now by the fires of devotion and sacrifice. Nor are we, except at our peril, merely to permit them—with this new faith in themselves and this new light in their eyes which reflects the visions they have seen—to go back to their old surroundings, to show their scars and tell over and over again the story of their deeds until they and their hearers weary of the recital; to take up again the unrelieved burdens of their former existence, and not teach them how they may better their own condition in life and yet make war now against evil declarations, evil tendencies, and evil practices of misguided classes, and against selfish aims and unwisdom in high or low places. For coming back disciplined physically and spiritually, but without much added intellectual training, they may learn through us, if we will, that to attain to true understanding, they must become able to bear witness of the faith we know is in them; and that so long as they are mute and have only within themselves the unuttered promptings of a finer nature, just so long will they not see opened wide the door of opportunity for them to pass through.

It is appropriate, and perhaps essential, that the movement to stimulate and direct this new energy, if it is to be nation-wide, should be initiated by members of the thousands of Local Boards and Boards of Instruction throughout the country. For they were not alone representative men in their respective communities but have been in close and sympathetic touch with the Soldier; and between the two is a very real tie of comradeship and devotion and affection. Until the new Club House is forthcoming, they can improvise for the place of assembly with the Soldier—with his family and with others of the community as well—the Public Hall or Library or Parish House of the neighborhood. They can take it upon themselves to arrange for the meetings and select the speakers; they can speak there themselves, and can invite and promote discussion. Preliminary debating classes might well be instituted where would be taught also the well-nigh lost art of reading aloud. Not alone controversial, but educational topics should be the subject for discussion. What is being done can be communicated to Churches, Colleges, Bar Associations and other agencies for their adoption or guid-

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ance. Out of each successful effort can proceed an example to stimulate rivalry elsewhere; and the project should be so wisely ordered and fostered that no community would care to be without the benefit or honor of such an organization. There must, however, be no approach to a patronizing condescension or even forbidding pedagogy about the plan. The places of assembly must ostensibly and in reality have an immediate relation to wholesome entertainment and diversion. A responsive, fraternal spirit of fellowship must pervade the gatherings and the instruction and training, which is to fit the Soldier for a new preparedness in the world, be a by-product of them.

Generous co-operation with the movement, if well inaugurated, is all but certain.

The Press can be stirred to high endeavor by a feasible and an appealing plan of procedure. In another place, even when making it clear that at times the Press is responsible for the injustice of harsh and indiscreet rebuke of worthy men, I said:

> It is in the best sense independent; it has a stanch courage and is entitled to the outpost of responsibility it occupies, as the incorruptible sentinel to warn us of threatening peril; it takes vice by the throat with a rough hand and gives no quarter to wrongdoing; it is intolerant of sham, and does yeoman's service in exposing hypocrisy in the stocks to the contemptuous gaze; it is subservient to no interest and wears the yoke of no master; it seeks to hold open the door of industrial opportunity through which the deserving may pass. And more important than all, it is doing as much as is the pulpit to lift men up above the sordid things of life so that, on the extended horizon, there may be seen the vision, without which, in the language of the proverb of Scripture, the people perish.

Nor has time caused me to change this judgment; and the Press can be trusted to give its invaluable aid of currency to the idea if we, having furnished the text, shall exemplify its application.

The Church, too, can make its effective contribution, if under a courageous impulse it resolve that its teachings shall square with the facts of life and even of Scripture; and, if turning its back upon a discredited orthodoxy, it face the light with the enduring truth for its creed and faith. Allied to this cause, the Church may win back the regard of intellectual men and restore to itself some part of the leadership it has so ignobly abdicated. In the Chapel and Parish

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House the Church has much of the machinery at hand to further the movement. How much wiser this course will be for the Church, than for it to persist in announced sympathy with so many new-fangled Socialistic notions, until the practice seems to the thoughtful observer to be some kind of ecclesiastical disease! Civic bodies, Chambers of Commerce, philanthropic organizations and Foundations may see here an inviting prospect for some part of their activities.

Nor can our Universities afford to sit with folded hands —never idle when the world was under arms—as the priceless opportunity of striving with and through the soldier for a better citizenship presents itself. Never can we fitly repay in lasting gratitude the vast debt we owe to our institutions of learning for their unselfish and tireless co-operation with the Government through those anxious days of peril. The Academy became the training camp, and out of cloistered precincts went forth to battle and victory and death a long procession of adventurous youth that our land might be saved and civilization not perish. It must not be found wanting now. What an accompanying benefit, too, it would be for the students—many of whom were beloved officers of these Boys and shared with them the same privations and faced the same death—to participate intimately and frequently in discussion at these gatherings. For it is a kind of indictment of those institutions that the undergraduate is often so poorly fitted for discourse, debate or argument and knows next to nothing of the inestimable value of writing and speaking with precision and power. With meagre, starved vocabulary, and rambling thought—manifesting itself in a scandalous admixture of jargon and slang—he, as a rule, cuts but a sorry figure in even colloquial consideration of vital topics of the day. The advantage to him would exceed in value that of the much vaunted Chair of English; and many a class-room would be better employed than today, if within its walls soldier and student were working together to the end that articulate right and reason might prevail.

To whom, also, in this matter may we look more surely for leadership than to the lawyer, with his intellectual equipment and splendid traditions and who is already organized for the work through many Bar Associations. *Noblesse oblige* is not a sentiment to be appropriated by the

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aristocracy of worldly place or power, but is equally obligatory upon the aristocracy of intelligence. The statistics as to the lawyer-class in the winning of the war are very heartening. It is difficult to believe that the intricate machinery of the Selective Service Law could have been set in motion or continued, without aid of the Lawyer's ability and experience. Fifteen hundred Lawyers were members of Local Boards; approximately eleven thousand were permanent members of Legal Advisory Boards; more than one hundred thousand were Associate Members of them, and nearly five thousand served as Government Appeal Agents; thirty per cent. of lawyers between the ages of twenty one and thirty-one were inducted into the army. And it was a Lawyer who led the Lost Battalion!

Then, too, who shall be so foolish as to think he can visualize the multitude of that vast army of noble women enlisting again in this new, sacred cause; and who shall be so deaf as not to hear for himself the Call of the Colors?

We do not have to indulge in much conjecture concerning the urgent need to-day of such a disciplined unit as is represented by the home-coming Soldier. Let us in this even go so far as to feature to ourselves our personal interests, if nothing else will stir us to action. For it is only the professional altruist who mouths his protest against self-preservation, while the candid Statute makes attempt or connivance at suicide a crime. Round about us are not only professional altruists and advocates of visionary aims but apostles of revolutionary creeds and practices, and they have the stage very largely to themselves. Any longer to make light of the insidious spread of baneful doctrines of Bolshevism, of the I. W. W., and of all other conspiracies that want something for nothing and are not concerned about means to the end, is criminal optimism. Truculent labor struts and stalks abroad with vicious, weaponed threats; and that it was not drafted into service but paid with a lavish wage has not added to its gratitude or its loyalty. Yet the wise know that often the antidote to even such poison is not force but convincing reason, though the sword of defence must never be so eaten away with the rust of neglect, that it cannot be drawn against uncompromising violence.

If we walk into one of the present-day forums which are being spawned about us, under conditions of tolerance if not approbation from those who are ill-advised

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in their outlook upon industry, upon capital and labor and upon life, we shall marvel at illustrations of the cunning and artifice whereby many of the men and women of the audience are skilled to present their reprehensible views. The young men of the office, even though they be college graduates, are often no match for these glib rhetoricians. In such forums or assemblies, however they be catalogued, we hear, as a rule, a preliminary lecture or address, and afterwards the colloquy, when permission is granted to catechise the speaker. Then follow impromptu speeches from members of the audience; and in many instances one will see the speaker, before the close of the exercises, discredited by insolence, and with no disciplined mind there sufficiently qualified or courageous to defend his wise utterances. Yet at times the speaker himself is the chief offender in blatant advocacy of unrest and even lawlessness. Not only from the street corner soap-box but from many a pulpit and legislative hall a like demagogy is declaiming.

We need entertain no doubt that the Soldier will be able to stand before all such audiences and before all men, if equipped with instruction and requisite experience. Over and over again, we have seen on the platform during the war Selected Men acquit themselves acceptably in formal and informal speech without much, if any, adequate preparation. They soon came to realize that if not well trained they would be ill-fitted for the trade of war. Thereupon, almost in a night, they became disciplined soldiers; and now it is possible to persuade them that they can be educated for as profitable a service. We shall err if we hold the view that we do not need such an asset as the returning Soldier, thus enabled to express his convictions as occasion offers itself. For often the man of distinction in the professions or in the world of affairs rests under disadvantages in the public presentation of even right views. Before many an audience he may not be the most persuasive exponent of the truth, which at times finds acceptation according to the source from which it proceeds. He may not be qualified by tact or temperament for the give-and-take of rough debate, in which reputation is frequently treated with scant courtesy.

But for the Soldier—who, like the English at Agincourt, showed at Cantigny the mettle of his pasture; who did not loiter long in the valley of the Vesle when there was the

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commanding Rheims-Soissons highroad to be won; who tore his way through the impenetrable jungle of the Argonne Forest only to sweep with a rush that would not be denied into St. Juvin, and to storm the height beyond under a withering and destroying fire; who was of the Lost Battalion; who was stayed not by the mud of the Meuse; who was the heroic soul at St. Mihiel; who transfused into the jaded armies of the Allies a new and quickening spirit; who kept always that bent line in France from being broken and had no concern as to any enemy line except to reach and overwhelm it; and who, having turned back the battle when within the gates of civilization, was ever after on the heels of the fleeing braggarts—for such a man the flippant and the lawless will betray a prudential respect, and will accord to him a seemly if not generous hearing.

Never in our history has there been a more auspicious time for a saving awakening among us as a People. For with the gates of our foolish and undiscriminating hospitality shut and barred at last against illiterate and seditious immigration, the State has the security and composure wherewith to set in order its household, to which so many of the undeserving and the wicked are asserting a kind of exclusive proprietorship. And shall we not, when the hour has thus come, realize that in the Soldier the man too has come?

If courageous, disciplined men, such as fit representations of these million of Soldiers may become, had been able to express themselves effectively as advocates of the cause of reason, we cannot seriously believe that the Prohibition Amendment could have been forced into adoption by the lash of fanaticism, or that there would be in Statute and Court decision so many instances of the invasion of rights of property or even rules of conduct as the well-informed are conversant with. So long in this country have we been indifferent to a rightly ordered public opinion, that we have ceased to be startled at the threatening consequences of our slothfulness. The Press, our Legislatures and even our Courts have often been injuriously affected by it. Not merely astigmatism but at times almost blindness can be charged against us in our outlook upon social and national life. Under the persistent pressure of spurious but unrebuked public opinion sovereign States have in more than one aspect the appearance of subjugated boroughs, and

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some of our vested rights seemed to be enjoyed only on sufferance. We have much to answer for in our *laissez faire* stupor, as to many a vital public controversy in which judgment has been taken against us by default. Or, to change the figure of speech, the prognosis of more than one kind of Sleeping Sickness is death.

We ought to realize that steadily appreciable limitations have been set to the right to gather and possess property; and one may not fairly say that all of these limitations find their warrant in good reason. Even as to our organic law it may be claimed that public opinion has affected conclusions to which the Supreme Court of the United States has come. Clearly it has influenced interpretations, found to be erroneous, of laws passed agreeably to the Constitution and has brought about a reformation of those interpretations; and we do not have to search far to find the illustration. Popular prejudice, often but a symptom of disordered public opinion, some years ago, ran high against large aggregations of corporate capital and coerced from Congress the Sherman Anti-Trust law, which was loosely drawn as no criminal statute ever should be. Pursuant to original decisions it was held by a majority of but one of the judges that any restraint of trade irrespective of its extent or character was an offense under the Statute. Serious consequences flower therefrom, and in conformity to an aroused public opinion, the Rule of Reason was substituted as the test of the violation; and even such a rule lends itself to a varying—though a lawyer would not wish to say a capricious—construction. Little wonder that a Justice of the Court should say its judgments at times, do not reflect so much convictions as they do reconciliations of opinion, or that so distinguished a lawyer as ex-Senator George Sutherland has recently stated in his illuminating lectures on *Constitutional Power and World Affairs*: "I have no doubt that a much larger proportion of the decisions of Courts are wrong than is generally suspected." Nor can our Supreme Court or some other Courts of last resort be said to be given over to idolatry of the time-honored principle of *Stare Decisis*.

Again, not long ago the Supreme Court decided by a unanimous Bench that there is little or no limit to the right of a Legislature through the so-called Police Power to en-

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act into a Statute prevailing public opinion. There was a time when this Power could be invoked only for matters having to do with Public Health, Safety and Welfare in the popular sense. Thereafter, however, such Welfare came judicially to mean a kind of general "prosperity and progress" wholly disassociated from all question of Health or Safety. And in a case which was received with altogether too little general appreciation of its effect, whether or no we be in accord with it, the Court announced a view which was in some respects startling, and not couched in phraseology we are accustomed to look for in judicial utterances:

> It may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare. * * * If then the legislature of the State thinks that the public welfare requires the measure under consideration, analogy and principle are in favor of the power to enact it.

Recognizing that the authority thus conferred upon—perhaps it is not unjustifiable to say the invitation thus extended to—a State has never been the subject of definition and therefore of limitation; that the conclusion was come to by a unanimous Court and that it has never been qualified or questioned but, on the contrary, has been reinforced in later decisions which declare that the right must be sustained unless exercised in a manner "purely arbitrary," can we longer doubt the supreme importance to our future of creating among us a salutary public opinion?

This too should be added. If there be the suggested criminal neglect on our part to stand steadfastly by the returning Soldier in ministry to his needs and hopes, the alternative may not necessarily be that he will merely consent to go back to his old life with a cherished grievance; for he may then seek elsewhere for the comradeship he has lost, and not regained through us. He may not even have to do the seeking; he may be sought for. What more likely than that the crafty politician and the other enemies of the Republic will thereupon, with specious and perhaps justifiable harangue, invite him to make common cause with them? Can we not hear them declaim that the favored few with but unctuous phrase and plea urged upon the Soldier the privilege of serving his Country in the hour of her need, and

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that the kinship we asserted to exist between us and him has been shamelessly disavowed in the hour of our safety? The Soldier would then hear only one appeal; would see no other prospect of stimulating, sympathetic comradeship, and but one path for his further journey pointed out to him as he arrives at the crossroads. Who of us would care to be so insane as to contemplate without ominous misgivings the dread consequences of such an alliance? For if through a misguided or even uninstructed public opinion we have seen accomplished the difficult feat of limiting the constitutional right to gather and enjoy property, what may we not reasonably look for through a like influence, as to a curtailment or even extinction of those rights which are purely statutory, such as the right to transmit property by last will and testament?

Yet we should be prompted to wisdom not by such solicitude, but out of an abounding gratitude unwilling to forget the wondrous ways, whereby we have been saved from so much of war's blood and horror. For however greatly to-day we glory in the doubt of our religious estate, we must nevertheless see with the eye of a sure faith how the issue of this criminal lust and quest for world dominion seems again and again to have proceeded from a hidden instrumentality and interposition we may not now interpret. We know of the "Miracle of the Marne"; of the surmised second and third trenches at the first Battle of Ypres where were no men but where theEnglish soldier believed the Christ to be; when in matter of numbers a really "contemptible" army held back a remorseless but uninformed horde in the drive upon the Channel Ports; of the marvelous rout at Chateau Thierry of an army flushed with victory and making ready for its leisurely advance to the subjugation of Paris and of the world. Shall we in the arrogance of disbelief assert that nothing was there present during those cruel hours beyond what we may calculate and measure and weigh; and do not the least imaginative hear about us strange voices vibrant with deity and prophetic of a new earth? And if without intellectual humiliation we may entertain these thoughts, shall we not seem, across the centuries, to hear—from the lips of him who is the chief glory of our English speaking world—this admonition as to the prodigal gift of ourselves to our neigh-

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bor and the State, if we would know the high privilege of responsive citizenship?

> Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
> Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
> But to fine issues.

Let us make effective the new faith of these Soldiers,—and that which is to be in the long procession of youth who, under some form of military training, shall serve themselves and their Country in the approaching years—by making it heard and heeded of all who would threaten the integrity of law and order. For the time may come when this splendid and ever supplemented body of disciplined men, knowing no more fear of evil debate or conduct than of brutal forces on the field of battle, shall, with a consecration vocal of the new spirit that has been born again among us, arise to save the Nation from its own folly.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

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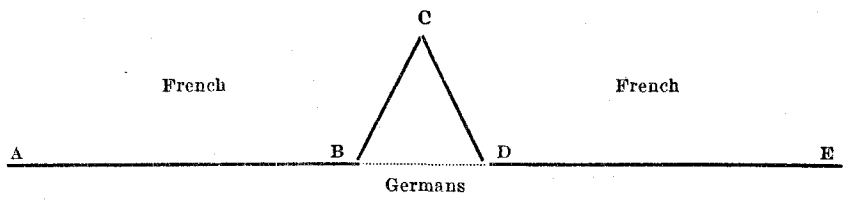
THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—IV

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY, RETIRED

WE have seen how the Germans by massing overwhelming forces against weak sectors of the Allied front succeeded in forcing it back, in three cases, from ten to thirty-five miles, but in no one were they able to break completely through the line. And the reason for this was, that in each instance, as they moved forward through the enemy's entrenched lines, they created a situation which made their own lines more and more vulnerable and harder and harder to defend. In other words, they created a salient.

A salient is vulnerable; its weak points strategically are along its sides near its base, because an attack in force there, by threatening the communications of the occupying troops, would, if successful, force their retreat.

Then, too, any advantage of a central position—of interior lines—that may be possessed by troops occupying a salient is overbalanced by the advantage which the enemy has of interior lines within the angular fronts on each side of the salient. To illustrate: Let the line ABCDE represent the front between the two opposing armies. Now if,



on account of their central position, the troops occupying the salient BCD have an advantage of interior lines, it must be evident that such advantage is more than counter-

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balanced by the advantage of interior lines possessed by the opposing troops occupying the angles or counter-salients ABC and CDE.

But as a matter of fact, where a salient is small, or is well filled with troops, there is no strategical advantage for troops occupying it; on the contrary, there is a great strategical disadvantage; first, because they have a too limited space in which to maneuver; and secondly, because they are subject to a converging fire from the enemy occupying the counter-salients. Troops within a salient are not infrequently so situated that long range guns from one or the other side of it can enfilade or take them in reverse.

Then, too, the numerous roads and railways within a salient, although absolutely necessary for the movement of men and supplies, are strategically a source of weakness to the occupying troops, principally because they can be fired upon from many angles and often be enfiladed throughout long stretches by the guns of the troops occupying the counter-salients or by the guns at the nose of the salient. And the nature of the terrain, and direction and position of the roads within a salient, of course, influence greatly the strategical situation of the occupying troops, but these are special cases which would call for a special analysis.

Then, again, a salient is *per se* not only weak, but it weakens the whole front by greatly lengthening it, making it necessary, of course, to use many more troops to defend it. Thus the sides BC and CD would require more than twice the number of troops to defend them than would the base BD, which was the line of the original front. And, naturally, when these salients are multiplied, the strength of the front becomes much weakened since its length becomes proportionately greatly increased. But, on the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the weakening is not confined to one side, since the front of the opposing army is correspondingly lengthened and likewise weakened.

Having pointed out the weakness of a salient to the side occupying it, attention is invited to the fact that, after the great German attack of March 21, 1918, upon Amiens had been checked, and prior to the German attack south of Ypres on April 9, 1918, there was offered a splendid opportunity for striking a telling blow at the base of the Amiens salient. Such a blow, could it have been made in sufficient force, would have threatened the communications of the

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troops occupying it, and compelled them either to retire or to fight desperately to prevent the Allies from breaking through the salient at its base. And, in either case, the result would, no doubt, have put a stop to the attack south of Ypres, as well as to any further offensive by the Germans upon either side of the angular front.

But the failure of General Foch to take advantage of this opportunity to attack at the time, was no indication that he did not fully appreciate the vulnerability of the Amiens salient to an Allied attack. On the contrary, his subsequent masterly operations, beginning with his great counter-offensive against the Chateau Thierry salient on July 18, 1918, and continuing until every German salient, including that of St. Mihiel, had been ironed out and the Germans driven back to the Hindenburg line and even beyond, were indisputable proofs that he appreciated fully the weak points of the salients and knew where and how to attack them.

Up to and including the beginning of the great attack by the Germans in March, 1918, there was no supreme commander of the Allied armies. Each army was acting more or less independently; and as there was little or no co-ordination of their movements, serious consequences threatened. Especially was this true in the great German offensive in March. Then and there was seen the absolute necessity of a commander-in-chief of the Allied armies; as a result, on March 28, just one week after the beginning of this great offensive, General Ferdinand Foch, of the French Army, was appointed Commander-in-Chief.

But, prior to this time, there had been much opposition to such an appointment. As early as 1915, Lord Kitchener had suggested Allied co-ordination, but nothing was done in the matter. In July, 1917, at a conference of the chiefs of the Allied staffs of Great Britain, France, and Italy, a resolution was passed urging the necessity of unity of action, if success was to be achieved; but no commander in chief was appointed. Then in November, 1917, at a conference of the Premiers of Great Britain, France, and Italy and the chiefs of staff of the Allied armies, held at Rapallo, near Genoa, Italy, the appointment of a generalissimo, who should control all the Allied armies, was proposed; but Lloyd George, the British Premier, stated that he was utterly opposed to this plan. Accordingly, and

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as a sort of compromise, an Inter-Allied strategic board, to be known as the Supreme War Council, was created. It was to consist of the Prime Minister and a member of the government of each of the great Powers whose armies were fighting on the Western fronts. Its first act was the creation of an Inter-Allied General Staff, consisting of General Foch of the French army, Wilson of the British army, and Cadorna of the Italian army.

There was strong opposition in Great Britain and in the British army to the creation of this Supreme War Council, principally on the ground that the proposals therein for obtaining unity of action would not only subordinate the military chiefs to political control, but were bound to be unworkable and militarily ineffective; and in the House of Commons on November 14, 1917, Lloyd George made this statement:

> The Council will have no executive power, and final decision in the matter of strategy and the distribution and movements of the various armies in the field will rest with the several governments of the Allies. There will therefore be no operations department.

On November 18, 1917, President Wilson made public a cablegram to Colonel Edward M. House, in which he stated emphatically that the United States Government considers "unity of plan and control between the Allies and the United States essential," and asked him, with General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. Army, as military adviser, to attend the first meeting of the Council at Versailles, France, on December 1, 1917. This action of the President was understood as removing any doubts as to this Government's attitude towards the Supreme War Council. Indeed, it was practically equivalent to giving it its unqualified endorsement.

On December 6, 1917, General Foch was relieved as French representative on the Inter-Allied General Staff of the Supreme War Council to become the military adviser of the French Premier, Clemenceau, and General Weygand was appointed in his place.

The third session of the Supreme War Council was held January 30 to February 2, 1918, at Versailles. From the official statement of the proceedings issued February 3, it appears that the decisions taken by the Council at this meeting "embrace not only a general military policy to be carried out by the Allies in all the principal theatres of

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war; but more particularly a closer and more effective co-ordination, under the Council, of all the efforts of the Powers engaged in the struggle against the Central Powers."

In the House of Commons on February 5, Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to an inquiry, announced that no generalissimo had been appointed by the Council at this meeting; and on the same day it was announced from Washington that "for the present no assent to any policy or declaration involving considerations other than those purely military will be given by any American representative sitting with the Council until it has first been submitted to this Government and received its approval."

Thus it is seen that notwithstanding the statement of the British Premier, the Supreme War Council at this meeting proceeded to formulate the military policy which was to be carried out and that it was anxious for a clearer and more effective co-ordination, not through the appointment of a generalissimo, but "under the Council itself"; and that the United States Government by implication gave its consent to any policy or declaration of the Council involving purely military considerations; but withheld its assent as to other considerations until they had been submitted to and approved by it.

But the important point of the whole matter is that no generalissimo, no commander-in-chief, was appointed; and that the supreme control of the Allied armies continued to remain in the hands of this Council and would probably have so remained indefinitely had not the great attack of the Germans in March made absolutely necessary the immediate appointment of a commander-in-chief.

Major General Sir Frederick B. Maurice, of the British Army, says that at this session this Council "vested the supreme control of the Allied forces on the Western front in an executive board composed of the representatives of the American, French, Italian, and British armies under the presidency of General Foch"; and that "this was in effect putting the higher command of the Allied operations in the hands of a committee." [1]

But whether the higher command was to remain in the hands of the Supreme War Council itself or in the hands

[1] Maurice, in *Review of Reviews*, August, 1918, p. 158.

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of the executive board appointed by it, matters not; for in either case failure was bound to result. History proves this; invariably when the supreme control of armies has been vested in a council, or committee, failure has resulted, and always will so result; for a decision by a council, or committee, means delay, discussion, compromise; and these are fatal in war. It must be evident that no party to a compromised decision could, if called upon to execute it, have full confidence in the result, since he would be bound to feel that his own proposal would be much better. In war there must be promptness of decision, singleness of purpose, boldness of action, confidence in one's own plan; to delay, to discuss, to compromise is to court defeat.

It was fortunate for the Allies that they were wise enough to appoint General Foch Commander-in-Chief at the time they did, and not to leave the conduct of the campaign to this Supreme War Council. And it was unfortunate that they had not been wise enough to appoint him commander-in-chief when the question of unity of command was first raised; or, at least, to have appointed him before March 21, 1918, and by so doing have given him a chance to formulate his plans and make ready to meet that great attack. "To the Aulic Council," said Jomini in 1804, "Austria owes all her reverses since the time of Prince Eugene of Savoy."

In this connection, Napoleon's views upon the supreme importance of unity of command may not be out of place. In one of his maxims he has said: "Nothing is so important in war as an undivided command." And in his first Italian campaign, when the Directory, which was jealous of his brilliant success in Italy, proposed to put a check on his career by sending General Kellerman to share with him the command of his victorious army, he submitted his resignation and wrote the Directory:

> It is the highest degree impolitic to divide the Army of Italy; and it is equally contrary to the interests of the Republic to put over it two generals. * * * If you weaken your means by dividing your forces; if you break in Italy the unity of military thought, I tell you with sorrow, you will lose the finest opportunity that ever occurred of imposing laws on Italy. * * * Every one has his method of carrying on war. Kellerman has had more experience and may do it better than I. Together we should do nothing but harm. Your decision in this matter is of more importance than the fifteen thousand men the Emperor of Austria has sent to Beaulieu.

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And to Carnot he wrote:

To associate Kellerman with me is to desire to lose all. I can not serve willingly with a man who believes himself to be the best tactician of Europe; moreover, I believe one bad general to be preferable to two good ones. War is like government—a thing of tact.

Thus we see that Napoleon looked upon unity of command as the supreme essential in winning a war; that he regarded it of more importance than the reinforcements sent his adversary; and that so strong was his belief on this point that he even declared that one bad general in command of an army was better than two good ones.

In no campaign in history has unity of command played a more important part than in this great world war. The operations of the Central Powers were directed by Germany. The Supreme authority was the commander-in-chief of the German armies, who was advised and assisted by the German General Staff and his immediate staff officers. The Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian armies all obeyed this supreme authority. In consequence, there was among the Central Powers unity of command, resulting in unity of thought, unity of purpose, and unity of action. The effect was that whenever a plan of operations was decided upon, all the resources and available military strength of the Central Powers were brought to bear to make it a success. To this unity of command, was largely due the fact that Germany won such great victories in Russia, Italy and the Balkans and, despite her stupendous strategical blunders, came near, on at least three occasions, to winning the war on the Western front.

But on the side of the Allies there was for nearly four years neither a commander-in-chief nor any unity of action. Each of the Allied armies acted to a great extent independently of the others. There was little co-ordination between them, and such as there was, came about through mutual consent and not because it was in any way obligatory upon them. The result was that for four years the Allies were compelled to fight almost entirely on the defensive, and at the Marne, at Verdun, and on March 21, 1918, came desperately near to final defeat, although during a good part of that time they had a numerical superiority in fighting forces.

Of course the successes of the Central Powers cannot be attributed entirely to unity of command nor the reverses

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of the Allies entirely to a lack of it, but unquestionably it had much to do in determining these results; so much, indeed, that it is doubtful whether the war could ever have been won by the Allies without the appointment of a commander-in-chief of the Allied armies.

One of the remarkable facts connected with this war is that it should have continued nearly four years without a commander-in-chief of the Allied armies; and that in less than eight months after his appointment, it should have been brought to a close. And still more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that the Allies should have permitted the war to continue for almost four years without making any serious attempt to appoint a commander-in-chief. The appointment, it is true, was considered and discussed by those in authority, but when they came to act, the nearest approach to it—until it was, so to speak, actually forced upon them by the great German drive of March 21—was to appoint a Supreme War Council.

But it does not necessarily follow that, had a commander-in-chief been earlier appointed, the war would have been sooner ended; for that would have depended upon the commander-in-chief selected. It is war that develops the genius of command and of generalship; and the selection of an Allied commander at the beginning of the war would have been no easy task. And yet, General Foch's brilliant operations in the first battle of the Marne clearly indicated that he would have been a most suitable man for the place.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE PICTURES OF JESUS IN THE LOUVRE*

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I write of the small infants in the Louvre
To which the hands that drew them gave the name
Of Jesus; I will set them side by side;
And he that lists may call the matter vain,
And he that wills may ponder; earth is large.

There are strange infants on these storied walls:
Verrochio's with the spirit sunk in earth,
Credi's with hard, impermeable eyes,
Carrucci's with the brutish, idiot stare,
A Lippi with an old and wizened look,
And that grained lump of Umbria's sullen clay
That Perugino placed in Mary's arms;
Giorgione's is a tawny Bacchanal,
Emergent from the lethargy of wine,
And Titian's babe is sure (amid all doubts)
That milk and sleep are sanative for boys,
With casual looks that roam—adventurers—
In that uncharted sea, a mother's face.

There's Veronese's brown and mottled boy
With the quick, lancet look in the fixed eyes,
And Cimabue's sturdy little man,
Firm-faced, strong-wristed, steady as the square,
And upright as the compass, he shall wield;
And Francia's with the patriarchal head
That centuries might have tonsured, and the eyes
That look out meekly on the mazeful world
In their strange innocence of yesterdays;

* NOTE.—Where the same painter is mentioned more than once in this poem, the references are to separate paintings of divergent types.—Author.

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And Perugino has a courtly babe
The face bland, and the light wrist backward flung
In delicate refusal modishly—
Only the eyes, the eyes with lake-like calm,
Reclaim the wavering godhead; plump and round,
A babe of Botticelli's, on his back,
Two cynic eyebrows indolently curves
At this unprobed and questionable world;
And Spagna's is a midge-philosopher,
Naked and prone, his finger on his lip,
The rounded legs crossed meditatively
While he the faces o'er his head surveys
With tentative, agnostic tolerance

Note Raphael in that small bright innocent group,
Where slumbers the child Jesus tranquilly;
The sleep hangs like a down or clinging fleece
On the mild limbs and makes them lovable
(Sleep for the godhead! Can the godhead need
That harbor from the turbulence of man?)
Murillo has a child with vermeil lips
And a strayed, drooping lock, and in the eyes
Such dewy, shy, beseeching innocence;
Compact of hope and fear, like some frail flower
Whose hesitant motion bids you vainly guess
If it be dance or tremor; Gozzoli
Has drawn a child of lightness magical,
A bubble seems it by God's breath upblown
In some faint film of flesh; and Raphael,
In that fair picture which the gracious French
Stamp in the bright enamel of their tongue
With the clear signet, " Belle Jardinière,"
Painted a babe whose eyes are upward turned—
Eyes—the whole body changes to an eye,
The limbs dream, and the form is meditant;
Mother above and child beneath repose
Each in the other's look, like sky and sea
At sunset, in forgetfulness of time.

Sarto has limned a visionary child
With a face cuplike, fashioned like a Grail—
Like the Grail's legend mystical yet warm;
He dreams, yet there is wildness on the brow,
As if the wind of God had blown like flame
On some still altar dedicate to peace.
And Raphael, in that picture, fit for kings,
Which the first Francis guerdoned with his name,
Hath drawn a child prayerful as Sarto's own,
But in the veins there runs a lustier life;
Dark, with the dark of grape or the grape's wine,
From plenitude of color, stands the boy;

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The eyes gaze in adoring steadfastness;
But through the calmness leaps another mood,
A passionate exultation, a high joy
Like the heart's bound at vision of great seas,
And sting of their salt billows. And the thought
Of Leonardo to like purpose ranged,
When underneath those figures venerant,
Calm Mary, and her kind, plain mother Anne,
He drew a Christ whose eyes had kept the gleam
Reflected from the swords of cherubim
And seraphs helmed; yet chastened and subdued
By ardors from the beatific throne.

To all these Christs or Christs akin to these
Have men brought tears and worship, love and prayer;
And he who lists may call the matter vain,
And he who wills may ponder; earth is wide.

O. W. Firkins.

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IS NATURE WITHOUT DESIGN?

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

WHAT unthinking people call design in nature is simply the reflection of our inevitable anthropomorphism. Whatever they can use they think was designed for that purpose,—the air to breathe, the water to drink, the soil to plant. It is as if they thought the notch in the mountains was made for the road to pass over, or the bays and harbor for the use of cities and shipping. But in inorganic nature the foot is made to fit the shoe and not the reverse. We are cast in the mold of the environment. If the black cap of the nuthatch that comes to the maple tree in front of my window and feeds on the suet I place there, was a human thinking-cap, the bird would see design in the regular renewal of that bit of suet; he would say, "Some one or something puts that there for me"; but he helps himself and asks no questions. The mystery does not trouble him. Why should not I, poor mortal, feel the same about these blessings and conveniences around me of which I hourly partake, and that seem so providential? Why do not I, with my thinking-cap, infer that someone or something is thinking about me and my well-being? The mass of mankind does draw this inference, and it is well for them to do so. But the case of the bird is different. The bit of suet that I feed on is not so conspicuously something extra—something added to the tree; it is a part of the tree; it is inseparable from it. I am compelled, as it were, to distil it out of the tree, so that instead of being the act of a special providence, it is the inevitable benefaction of the general providence of nature. What the old maple holds for me is maple sugar, but it was not put there for me; it is there just the same, whether I want it or not; it is a part of the economy of the tree; it is a factor in its own growth; the tree is not thinking of me (pardon the term),

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but of itself. Of course this does not make my debt to it, and my grounds for thankfulness, any the less real, but it takes it out of the category of events such as that which brings the suet to the nuthatch. The Natural Providence is not intermittent, it is perennial, but it takes no thought of me or you. It is life that is flexible and adaptive, and not matter and force. "We do not," says Renan, "remark in the universe any sign of deliberate and thoughtful action. We may affirm that no action of this sort has existed for millions of centuries." I think we may affirm more than that—we may affirm that it never existed. Some vestige of the old theology still clung to Renan's mind,—there was a day of creation in which God set the universe going, and then left it to run itself; the same vestige clung to Darwin's mind and led him to say that at the beginning God must have created a few species of animals and vegetables and then left them to develop and populate the world.

Says Renan, "When a chemist arranges an experiment that is to last for years, everything which takes place in his retort is regulated by the laws of absolute unconsciousness; which does not mean that a will has not intervened at the beginning of the experiment, and that it will not intervene at the end." There was no beginning, nor will there be any ending to the experiment of creation; the will is as truly there in the behavior of the molecules at one time as at another. The effect of Renan's priestly training and associations clings to him like a birth-mark.

In discussing these questions our plumb-line does not touch bottom, because there is no bottom. "In the infinite," says Renan with deeper insight, "negations vanish, contradictions are merged," in other words, opposites are true. Where I stand on the surface of the sphere is the centre of the sphere, but that does not prevent the point where you stand being the centre also. Every point is a centre, and the sky is overhead at one place as at another; opposites are true.

The moral and intellectual worlds present the same contradictions or limitations—the same relatively of what we call truth.

Nature's ways, which with me is the same as saying God's ways, are so different from ours; "no deliberate and thoughtful action," as Renan puts it, no economy of time

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or material, no short cuts, no cutting out of non-essentials, no definite plan, no specific ends, few straight lines or right angles; her streams loiter and curve, her forces are unbridled; no loss or gain, her accounts always balance, the loss at one point, or with one form, is a gain with some other —all of which is the same as saying that there is nothing artificial in nature. All is natural, all is subject to the hit and miss method. The way Nature trims her trees, plants her forests, sows her gardens, is typical of the whole process of the cosmos. God is no better than man because man is a part of God. From our human point of view he is guilty of our excesses and our short-comings. Time does not count, pain does not count, waste does not count. The wonder is that the forests all get planted by the hit-and-miss method, the pines in their places, the spruces in theirs, the oaks and maples in theirs; and the trees get trimmed in due time, now and then, it is true, by a very wasteful method. A tree doctor could save and prolong the lives of many of them. The small fountains and streams all find their way to larger streams and these to still larger, and these to lakes, or to the sea, and the drainage system of the continents works itself out all right. The decay of the rocks and the formation of the soil comes about in due time, but not in man's time. In all the grand processes and transformations of nature the element of time enters on such a scale as dwarfs all human efforts.

When we say of a thing or an event that it was a chance happening, we do not mean that it was not determined by the laws of matter and force, but we mean it was not the result of the human will, or of anything like it; it was not planned or designed by conscious intelligence. Chance in this sense plays a very large part in nature and in life. Though the result of irrefragable laws, the whole non-living world about us shows no purpose or forethought in our human sense. For instance, we are compelled to regard the main features of the earth as matters of chance, the distribution of land and water, of islands and continents, of rivers, lakes, seas, mountains and plains, valleys and hills, the shapes of the continents; that there is more land in the northern hemisphere than in the southern, more land at the South Pole than at the North, is a matter of chance. The serpentine course of a stream through an alluvial plain, a stream two yards wide, winding and ox-bowing precisely

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as does the Mississippi, is a matter of chance. The whole geography of a country, in fact, is purely a matter of chance, and not the result of anything like human forethought. The planets themselves—that Jupiter is large and Mercury small, that Saturn has rings, that Jupiter has seven moons, that the Earth has one, that other planets have none, that some of the planets are in a condition to sustain life as we know it, for example, Venus, Earth, and probably Mars, that some revolve in more elliptical orbits than others, that Mercury and Venus apparently always keep the same side towards the sun—all these things are matters of chance. It is easy to say that God designed it thus and so, as did our fathers, but how are we to think of an omnipotent and omniscient Being as planning such wholesale destruction of his own works as occurs in the cosmic catastrophes that the astronomers now and then witness in the siderial universe, or even as occurs on the Earth, when earthquakes and volcanoes devastate fair lands or engulf the islands of the sea? Why should such a Being design a desert, or invent a tornado, or ordain that some portion of the earth's surface should have almost perpetual rain, and another portion almost perpetual drought? In Hawaii I saw islands that were green and fertile on one end from daily showers, and the other end, ten miles away, a rough barren rock, from the entire absence of showers. Were the trade winds designed to bring the vapors of the sea to the tropic lands?

In following this line of thought we, of course, soon get where no step can be taken. Is the universe itself a chance happening? Such a proposition is unthinkable, because something out of nothing is unthinkable. Our experience in this world develops our conceptions of time and space, and to set bounds to either is an impossible task. We say the cosmos must always have existed, and there we stop.

We are no better off when we turn to the world of living things. Here we see design, particular means adapted to specific ends. Shall we say that a bird or a bee or a flower is a chance happening, as is the rainbow, or the sunset cloud, or a pearl, or a precious stone? Is man himself a chance happening? Here we are stuck and cannot lift our feet. The mystery and the miracle of vitality, as Tyndall called it, is before us. Here is the long hard road of Evolution, the push and the unfolding of life through countless ages, something more than the mechanical and the accidental,

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though these have played a part; something less than specific plan and purpose, though we seem to catch dim outlines of these.

Spontaneous variations, original adaptations, a never-failing primal push toward higher and more complex forms—how can we, how shall we, read the riddle of it all? How shall we account for man on purely naturalistic grounds?

The consistent exponent of variation cannot go in partnership with supernaturalism. Grant that the organic split off from the inorganic by insensible degrees, yet we are bound to ask what made it split off at all? and how it was that the first unicellular life contained the promise and the potency of all the life of to-day? Such questions take us into deep waters where our plummet-line finds no bottom. It suits my reason better to say there is no solution, than to accept a solution which itself needs solution, and still leaves us where we began.

The adjustments of non-living bodies to each other seems a simple matter, but in considering the adaptations of living bodies to one another, and to their environment, we are confronted with a much harder problem. Life is an active principle, not in the sense that gravity, or chemical reaction are active principles, but in a quite different sense. Gravity and chemical reactions are always the same, inflexible and uncompromising, but life is ever variable and adaptive; it will take half a loaf if it cannot get a whole one. Gravity answers yea and nay, Life says, "Probably, we will see about it, we will try again tomorrow." The oak leaf will become an oak-ball to accommodate an insect that wants a cradle and a nursery for its young; it will develop one kind of a nursery for one insect and another kind for a different insect.

As far as I have got, or ever hope to get, toward solving the problem of the universe is to see clearly that it is insoluble. One can arrive only at negative conclusions, he comes to see that the problem cannot be dealt with in terms of our human experience and knowledge. But what other terms have we? Our knowledge does not qualify us in any degree to deal with the Infinite. The sphere has no end or handle to take hold of, and the Infinite baffles the mind in the same way. Measured by our human standards, it is a series of contradictions. The method of

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Nature is a haphazard method, yet behold the final order and completeness! How many of her seeds she trusts to the winds and the waters, and her fertilizing pollens and germs also! And the winds and the waters do her errands, with many failures, of course, but they hit the mark often enough to serve her purpose. She provides lavishly enough to afford her failures.

When we venture upon the winds and the waters with our crafts we aim to control them, and we reach our havens only when we do control them.

What is there in the method of Nature that answers to the human will in such matters? Nothing that I can see, yet her boats and her balloons reach their havens—not all of them, but enough of them for her purpose. Yet when we apply the word "purpose" or "design" to Nature, to the Infinite, we are describing her in terms of the finite, and fall into contradictions. Still the wings and balloons and hooks and springs in the vegetable world are for a specific purpose—to scatter the seed far from the parent plant. Every part and organ and movement of a living body serves a purpose to that organism. The mountain lily looks straight up to the sky, the meadow lily looks squarely down to the earth; undoubtedly each flower finds its advantage in its own attitude, but what that advantage is, I know not. If Nature planned and invented as man does, she would attain to mere unity and simplicity. It is her blind, prodigal, haphazard methods that result in her endless diversity. When she got a good wing for the seed of a tree, such as that of the maple, she would give this to the seeds of other, similar trees; but she gives a different wing to the ash, to the linden, to the elm, the pine, and the hemlock, and to some she gives no wings at all. The nut-bearing trees, such as the oaks, the beeches, the walnuts, and the hickories, have no wings, except such as are afforded them by the birds and beasts that feed upon them and carry them away. And here again Nature has a purpose in the edible nut which tempts some creatures to carry it away. If all the nuts were devoured, the whole tribe of nut-bearing trees would in time be exterminated, and Nature's end defeated. But in a world of conflicting forces like ours, chance plays an important part, many of the nuts get scattered, but not all devoured. The hoarding-up propensities of certain birds and squirrels result in the

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planting of many oaks and chestnuts and beeches.

The inherent tendency to variation in organic life, together with Nature's hit-and-miss method, account for her endless variety on the same plane, as it were, as that of her many devices for disseminating her seeds. One plan of hook or barb serves as well as another—that of bidens as well as that of hound's tongue—yet each has a pattern of its own. The same may be said of the leaves of the trees, namely, to expose the juices of the tree to the chemical action of the light and air, yet behold what an endless variety in the shape and size and structure of the leaves! This is the way of the Infinite—to multiply endlessly, to give a free rein to the physical forces and let them struggle with one another for the stable equilibrium to which they never, as a whole, attain; to give the same free rein to the organic forces and let their various forms struggle with one another for the unstable equilibrium which is the secret of their life.

The many contingencies that wait upon the circuit of the physical forces and determine the various forms of organic matter—rocks, sand, soil, gravel, mountain, plain—all shifting and changing endlessly—wait upon the circuit of the organic forces and turn the life impulse into myriad channels, and people the earth with myriads of living forms, each accidental from our limited point of view, while all are determined by irrefragable laws. The contradictions in such statements are obvious and are inevitable when the finite tries to measure or describe the ways of the Infinite.

The waters of the globe are forever seeking the repose of a dead level, but when they attain it, if they ever do, the world will be dead. Behold what a career they have in their circuit from the sea to the clouds and back to the earth in the ministering rains, and then to the sea again through the streams and rivers! The mantling snow with its exquisite crystals, the grinding and transporting glaciers, the placid or ploughing and turbulent rivers, the sparkling and refreshing streams, the cooling and renewing dews, the softening and protecting vapors, wait upon this circuit of the waters through the agency of the sun, from the sea, through the sky and land, back to the sea again. Yes, and all the myriad forms of life also. This circuit of the waters drives and sustains all the vital machinery of the globe.

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Why and how the rain brings the rose and the violet, the peach and the plum, the wheat and the rye, and the boys and the girls, out of the same elements and conditions that they bring the thistles and the tares, the thorn and the scrub, the fang and the sting, the monkey and the reptile, that is the insoluble mystery.

If Nature aspires toward what we call the good in man, does she not equally aspire toward what we call the bad in thorns and weeds and reptiles? May we not say that good is our good, and bad is our bad, and that there is, and can be, no absolute good and no absolute bad, any more than there can be any absolute up or any absolute down?

How haphazard, how fortuitous and uncalculated is all this business of the multiplication of the human race! What freaks, what failures, what monstrosities, what empty vessels, what deformed limbs, what defective brains, what perverted instincts! It is as if in the counsels of the Eternal it had been decided to set going an evolutionary impulse that should inevitably result in man, and then leave him to fail or flourish just as the ten thousand contingencies of the maelstrom of conflicting earth forces should decide, so that whether a man be a cripple or an athlete, a fool or a philosopher, a satyr or a god, becomes largely a matter of chance. Yet the human brain has steadily grown in size, human mastery over nature has steadily increased, and chance has, upon the whole, brought more good to man than evil. Optimism is a final trait of the Eternal.

And the taking off of man, how haphazard! how fortuitous it all is! His years shall be three score and ten, but how few, comparatively, reach that age, how few live out half their days! Disease, accident, stupidity, superstition, cut him off at all ages—in infancy, in childhood, in youth, in manhood—his whole life is a part of the flux and uncertainty of things. No god watches over him aside from himself and his kind, no atom or molecule is partial to him, gravity crushes him, fire burns him, the floods drown him as readily as they do vipers and vermin. He takes his chances, he gains, and he loses, but Nature treats him with the same impartiality that she does the rest of her creatures. He runs the same gauntlet of the hostile physical forces, he pays the same price for his development; but his greater capacity for development—to whom or what does he owe

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that? If we follow Darwin we shall say natural selection, and natural selection is just as good a god as any other. No matter what we call it, if it brought man to the head of creation and put all things (nearly all) under his feet, it is god enough for anybody. At the heart of it there is still a mystery we cannot grasp. The ways of Nature about us are no less divine because they are near and familiar. The illusion of the rare and the remote, science dispels. Of course we are still trying to describe the Infinite in terms of the finite.

We are so attached to our kind, and so dependent upon them that most persons feel homeless and orphaned in a universe where no suggestion of sympathy and interest akin to our own comes to us from the great void. A providence of impersonal forces, the broadcast, indiscriminate benefits of Nature, kind deeds where no thought of kindness is, well-being as the result of immutable law—all such ideas chill and disquiet us, until we have inured ourselves to them. We love to fancy that we see friendly hands and hear friendly voices in Nature. It is easy to make ourselves believe that the rains, the warmth, the fruitful seasons, are sent by some Being for our especial benefit. The thought that we are adapted to Nature and not Nature made or modified to suit us, is distasteful to us. It rubs us the wrong way of the fur. We have long been taught to believe that there is air because we have lungs, and water because we need it to drink, and light because we need it to see. Science takes this conceit out of us: The light begat the eye, and the air begat the lungs.

In the universe, as science reveals it to us, sensitive souls experience the cosmic chill; in the universe as our inevitable anthropomorphism shapes it for us, we experience the human glow. The same anthropomorphism has in the past peopled the woods and fields and streams and winds with good and evil spirits, and filled the world with cruel and debasing superstitions; but in our day we have got rid of all of this; we have abolished all gods but one. This one we still fear, and bow down before, and seek to propitiate—not with offerings and sacrifices, but with good Sunday clothes and creeds and pew-rents, and praise, and incense, and surplices and ceremonies. What Brocken shadows our intense personalism casts upon nature! We see the gigantic outlines of our own forms, and mistake

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them for a veritable god. But as we ourselves are a part of Nature, so this humanizing tendency of ours is also a part of Nature, a part of human nature—not valid and independent, like the chemical and physical forces, but as valid and real as our dreams, our ideas, our aspirations. All the gods and divinities and spirits with which man has peopled the heavens and the earth are a part of Nature as she manifests herself in our subjective selves. So there we are on a trail that ends where it began. We condemn one phase of Nature through another phase of Nature that is active in our own minds. How shall we escape this self-contradiction? As we check or control the gravity without us by the power of the gravity in our own bodies, so our intelligence must sit in judgment on phases of the same universal Intelligence manifested in outward Nature.

It is this recognition of an Intelligence in Nature akin to our own that gives rise to our anthropomorphism. We recognize in the living world about us the use of specific means to specific ends and this we call intelligence. It differs from our own in that it is not selective and intensive in the same way. It does not take short cuts; it does not aim at human efficiency; it does not cut out waste and delay and pain. It is the method of trial and error. It hits its mark because it hits all marks. Species succeed because the tide that bears them on is a universal tide. It is not a river but an ocean current. Nature progresses, but not as man does by discarding one form and adapting a higher. She discards nothing; she keeps all her old forms and ways and out of them evolves the higher; she keeps the fish's fin, while she perfects the bird's wing; she preserves the invertebrate, while she fashions the vertebrate; she achieves man, while she preserves the monkey. She gropes her way like a blind man, but she arrives because all goals are hers. Perceptive intelligence she has given in varying degrees to all creatures, but reasoning intelligence she has given to man alone. I say "given," after our human manner of speaking, when I mean achieve. There is no giving in Nature—there is effort and development. There is interchange and interaction, but no free gifts. Things are bought with a price. The price of the mind of man—who can estimate what it has been through the biological and geological ages—a price which his long line of antecedent forms has paid in struggle and suffering and death. The little that has

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been added to the size of his brain since the Piltdown man, and the Neanderthal man—what effort and pain has not that cost! We pay for what we get, or our forebears pay for it. They paid for the size of our brains, and we pay for our progress in knowledge.

The term religion is an equivocal and much abused word, but I am convinced that no man's life is complete without some sort of an emotional experience that may be called religious. Not necessarily so much a definite creed or belief as an attraction and aspiration toward the Infinite, or a feeling of awe and reverence inspired by the contemplation of this wonderful and mysterious universe, something to lift a man above purely selfish and material ends, and open his soul to influences from the highest heavens of thought.

Religion in some form is as natural to man as eating and sleeping. The mysteries of life and the wonder and terror of the world in which he finds himself, arouse emotions of awe and fear and worship in him as soon as his powers of reflection are born. In man's early history religion, philosophy, and literature are one. He worships before he investigates, he builds temples before he builds school houses or civic halls. He is, of course, superstitious long before he is scientific; he trembles before the supernatural long before he has mastered the natural. The mind of early man was synthetic as our emotions always are; it lumped things, it did not differentiate and classify. The material progress of the race has kept pace with man's power of analysis,—the power to separate one thing from another, to resolve things into their component parts and recombine them to serve his own purposes. He gets water power, steam power, electric power, by separating a part from the whole and placing his machinery when they tend to unite again.

Science tends more and more to reveal to us the unity that underlies the diversity of nature. We must have diversity in our practical lives, we must seize Nature by many handles. But our intellectual lives demand unity, demand simplicity amid all this complexity. Our religious lives demand the same. Amid all the diversity of creeds and sects we are coming more and more to see that religion is one, that verbal differences and ceremonies are unim-

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portant, and that the fundamental agreements are alone significant. Religion as a key or passport to some other world has had its day, as a mere set of statements or dogmas about the Infinite mystery it has had its day. Science makes us more and more at home in this world and is coming more and more, to the intuitional mind, to have a religious value. Science kills credulity and superstition, but to the well-balanced mind it enhances the feeling of wonder, of veneration, and of kinship which we feel in the presence of the marvellous universe. It quiets our fears and apprehensions, it pours oil upon the troubled waters of our lives, and reconciles us to the world as it is. The old fickle and jealous gods begotten by our fears and morbid consciences fall away, and the new gods of law and order, who deal justly, if mercilessly, take their places.

"The mind of the universe which we share," is a phrase of Thoreau's—a large and sane idea which shines like a star amid his many fire-fly conceits and paradoxes. The physical life of each of us is a part or rill of the universal life about us, as surely as every ounce of our strength is a part of gravity. With equal certainty, and under the same law, our mental lives flow from the fountain of universal mind, the cosmic intelligence which guides the rootlets of the smallest plant as it searches the soil for the elements it needs, and the most minute insect in availing itself of the things it needs. It is this primal current of life, the two different phases of which we see in our bodies and in our minds that continues after our own special embodiments of it have ceased; in it is the real immortality. The universal mind does not die, the universal life does not go out. The jewel that trembles in the dewdrop, the rain that lends itself to the painting of the prismatic colors of the bow in the clouds, pass away, but their fountain-head in the sea does not pass away. The waters may make the wonderful circuit through the clouds, the air, the earth, and the cells and veins of living things, any number of times,—now a globule of vapor in the sky, now a star-like crystal in the snow, now the painted mist of a waterfall, then the limpid current of a mountain brook—and still the sea remains unchanged. And though the life and mentality of the globe pass daily and are daily renewed, the primal source of those things is as abounding as ever. It is not you and I that are immortal, it is Creative Energy of which we are a

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part. Our personal immortality is swallowed up in this.

The poets, the prophets, the martyrs, the heroes, the saints,—where are they? Each was but a jewel in the dew, the rain, the snow-flake,—throbbing, burning, flashing with color for a brief time, and then vanishing; adorning the world for a moment and then caught away into the great abyss. "O, spend-thrift Nature!" our hearts cry out, but Nature's spending is only the ceaseless merging of one form into another without diminution of her material or blurring of her types. Flowers bloom and flowers fade, the seasons come and the seasons go, men are born and men die, the world mourns for its saints and heroes, its poets and saviors, but Nature remains and is as young and spontaneous and inexhaustible as ever. "Where is the comfort in all this to you and to me?" There is none, save the comfort or satisfaction of knowing things as they are. We shall feel more at ease in Zion when we learn to distinguish substance from shadow, and to grasp the true significance of the world of which we form a part. In the end each of us will have had his day, and can say as Whitman does,

> I have positively appeared. That is enough.

In us or through us the Primal Mind will have contemplated and enjoyed its own works and will continue to do so as long as human life endures on this planet. It will have achieved the miracle of the Incarnation, and have tasted the sweet and the bitter, the victories and the defeats of Evolution. The legend of the birth and life of Jesus is but this ever-present naturalism written large with parable and miracle on the pages of our religious history. In the lives of each of us the supreme reality comes down to earth and takes on the human form and suffers all the struggles and pains and humiliations of mortal, finite life. Even the Christian theory of the vicarious atonement is not without its basis of naturalism. Men through disease and ignorance and half-knowledge store up an experience that saves future generations from suffering and failure. We win victories for our descendants, and bring the kingdom nearer for them by the devils and evil spirits we overcome.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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THE ANSWERER: WALT WHITMAN

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

I

THERE is a season of the year in the Middle West in late May when the spring ends and the summer begins, that always seems to breathe with especial freshness the sense of continuing change in the ways of nature. Lilac-blooms fall. Columbines first sway their delicate horns of pale scarlet and fawn-color. Visiting Graceland cemetery in Chicago I was stirred on last Decoration Day to see that the city graveyard was filled as never before with men, women and children. It was as though in the year since we had entered the struggle of the European War, the city's sympathies had moved not only forward to the appreciation of an international future, but back to a quicker understanding of our memories of struggle for democracy.

Soldiers and civilians, the bugled strains of far music, rising and falling to the pulse of distant drum-beats, the flags' clear white and crimson stripes and dark-blue star-fields fluttering against the turf under the delicately-leaved elm and maple branches, the crowds of people carrying the colors, and palm-wreaths and baskets of geraniums—all this quietly peopled scene of the city of the living seemed in an ineffable accord with the invisible spirit of the dead and of her "camps of green." If one could have chosen a time for the birthday of the greatest poet of democracy it would have been this very season: and it seems especially fitting that Whitman, the destined singer of our national hope, our dearest common purpose, should have been born the last of May a hundred years ago, in the age of a dream that was dying and one that was coming to birth.

From that time forth, in the decade following Water-

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loo, to the present day, there has been a continuous, one might indeed say an increasing need for defenders of democracy. Whitman has of course many valuable and rewarding aspects: but it is in this aspect of the defender of democracy, the writer who has actually undertaken to be a responsible philosopher for our national social faith, that he has seemed to one reader, at least, especially valuable and rewarding in the last four years.

He replies to us with a wonderful adequacy not only in his lyric responses, but in *Specimen Days,* in *Democratic Vistas, Collect, Good-Bye My Fancy,* and *November Boughs.*

II

The reader of the history of this continent, from Las Casas' terrific picture of the slave trade in the West Indies in the Sixteenth Century, to the last New York and Chicago dailies, will be chiefly struck with its senseless disorder. Unkempt, disreputable, vast, the forces that have made our nation have always, it would seem, shambled forth in cosmic guise. Looking at them from a little distance we conceive of these forces, in the past at least, as clear-sightedly progressive, and moving forward, through dangers indeed, but in the manner of those conducting an intelligent and well-equipped surveying party. Seen closer at hand, not only Columbus, but Washington and Lincoln, appear in the character of scantily-provisioned voyagers over the Sea of Darkness, the harassed captains of a poor, mean rabble proceeding towards Shores Undreamed, the discoverers of continents they never realized in their life-times, and advancing to the air of " I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."

We think of our Revolutionary ancestors as a formal, well-clad soldiery, in neatly-cockaded tri-corners. We think of the Revolution in terms of the clear-lined dignity of the Declaration of Independence. We think of the Civil War in terms of the profound common, national sympathy of the Gettysburg address. But on reading Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln* we perceive that the pulse of common national sympathy was so thin, feeble and uncertain that it is amazing the Union ever squeezed through—a circumstance that appears less a result, than

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a species of miracle; and we realize how long it is that we have been shambling forth, when we learn that our ancestors fought naked, at the battle of Eutaw Springs, with moss fastened around them to prevent abrasion from their powder flasks and muskets.

What is to be said about the desperate courses, and the casual ways, the inconsistencies and worthlessness, in which democracy seems to have lumbered along? Who will attempt the impossible feat of account for our shambling cosmic guise? Whitman will attempt it. Much as he determined to visit the soldiers, Northern and Southern, cared for in the Washington hospitals in the Civil War, Whitman goes forth to re-assure. He will not minimize difficulties. He will not conceal the event of battle. But he will bring you all sorts of encouragements little and large; and he will convince you, or perhaps one should say he will mesmerize you, into a frame of mind in which you

> Know that the past was great and the future will be great
> And that both curiously conjoint in the present time.

You are able to consider your own time and your own government in a larger manner; and to look around you and see that

> The sun and stars that float in the open air;
> The apple-shaped earth and we upon it—surely the drift of them is something grand!

Whitman in *Specimen Days* has a great deal to say about what seems to many persons, to more persons far than in his time, the most serious danger for democracy — the growth of plutocratic ideals.

Whitman has plenty of direct opposition to plutocracy:

> Beneath the whole political world, what most presses and perplexes to day, sending vastest results affecting the future is not the abstract question of democracy, but of social and economic organization, the treatment of working-people by employers and all that goes along with it—not only the wages-payment part, but a certain spirit and principle, to vivify anew these relations; all the questions of progress, strength, tariffs, finances, etc., really evolving themselves more or less directly out of the Poverty Question, ("the science of Wealth," and a dozen other names are given it, but I prefer the severe one just used.)
>
> The American Revolution of 1776 was simply a great strike, successful for its immediate object—but whether a real success judged by the scale of the centuries, and the long-striking balance of time, yet remains to be settled. The French Revolution was absolutely a

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strike and a very terrible and relentless one, against ages of bad pay, unjust division of wealth-products, and the hoggish monopoly of a few, rolling in superfluity, against the vast bulk of the work-people, living in squalor.

If the United States like the countries of the Old World are to grow vast crops of poor, desperate, dissatisfied, nomadic, miserably-waged populations, such as we see looming upon us of late years—steadily, even if slowly, eating into them like a cancer of lungs or stomach—then our republican experiment, notwithstanding all its surface successes, is at heart an unhealthy failure.

The music-makers and dreamers of dreams wandering by lone sea-breakers, walking by desolate streams, are the builders and makers of the world, no doubt, as much as O'Shaughnessy pleases. They are not, however, the makers of the world's immediate programmes and time-tables. Swinburne's really intense passion for the serene republic has a detachment from reality that cannot but seem whimsical. Whitman's deep devotion to democracy is by no means detached; but it is unfocussed. In spite of his drawing an unascertained picture of plutocracy, in spite of his liking for a species of idealized sketch of "workers" as mainly brawny athletes, and his pleasure in his obvious conception of industrial occupation as an almost therapeutic field for the development of health and energy, yet Whitman knew democracy at first-hand, saw its faults and dangers and did not minimize them.

But he dislikes to be definite about what is to be done next. It is amusing to observe his friends' vain struggles to obtain a programme from him. He will visit you in the hospital: but he will not act as the doctor. He is a wonderful nurse for democracy; but he refuses the responsibility for ordering prescriptions.

This element of the quiet friend of humanity in Whitman's nature, an element doubtless partly of Quaker strain, is one of his greatest attributes. His social philosophy here, his inspired service in the Civil War—that volunteer care of his which he says was the very centre and circumference of his being, and worth shattering his health for—was a thrilling prophecy of a tremendous national phenomenon. I mean of course the vast, long-continued national energy that has poured increasingly into the wide field of social services in our own life-time. The very tempo, the very mood of his hospital days is immeasurably repeated, the mood of a worker who

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combines support and relief with a liking for economic justice, and who cannot prescribe, can only work on through the need of a sea of individuals, step by step, one by one—the way of a thoughtful stretcher-bearer who ministers with a constant sense of the inadequacy of his ministrations in wretched miseries.

For Whitman no one in need is trifling, or obscure, or negligible or to be left out—not one. The soul of each person is identified to him as though he had been that soul's creator. Its passage through existence is sacred to him with homely splendor. No metric poem the Answerer ever wrote is more poetic than his tale of his hospital days; none more serenely lit with the divine fire of a passion for individual creatures, individually seen but multitudinous; none more finely swept with the music that knows the Universe as " roads for travelling souls."

Perhaps just this understanding, this knowledge that none must be forgotten, this pride for the obscured, could we but learn it wisely, is the contribution of our continent to civilization—a gift to the hold of time more different from Roman roads or Egyptian Pyramids than we had ever guessed.

Whitman's own hand wrote the inspired chronicle of his hospital service that replies by the divine law of indirections to so many questions about our national experiment. About the questions of the danger of plutocratic standards he has given us also some hints for whose preservation we owe a debt of gratitude to the faithfulness of his devoted friend Horace Traubel.

The record of Whitman's Camden years tells the story of a man who knew how to be poor, with a species of grandeur. The tale of these years has a faery element, the attraction of some classic symbol of divine power existent in nature, the subtle charm of a Lempriere fable.

Whitman in his blue cape, his beautiful silver hair, his exquisite cleanliness, sits like a god in his shabby room, with no money, no wide acceptance or successful literary career in a certain sense, almost no physical strength left. None of these circumstances are material. The whole scene is like that of Jupiter's and Mercury's visit in the cottage of Philemon and Baucis. This sojourn of an immortal in a homely habitation is an irresistible episode. The fact that the immortal often behaves in as un-god-like

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a manner as Jupiter did, does not detract from his divine characteristics; and even seems to add a touch almost of grand opera comedy. The bragging and boasting; the firm calm of the great poet's concealment from his friends of just how much money he possessed; his majestic, impressive comment on books he had not read or even seen; his rating of works of genius in proportion to their authors' regard for *Leaves of Grass;* his divine nonchalance; his ineffable candor combined with his striking capacity for a species of placid, humorous trickery, something in him like Proteus, or even, if you will, like Autolycus—all these give the world a portrait of an impoverished poet which upsets all expectation and precedent.

Sometimes he sat in a chair on the sidewalk in front of his house; sometimes received callers in a room downstairs where he had great piles of unsold copies of his books. At the period when his lameness increased, admirers clubbed together and obtained a horse and buggy for him. Friends were fond of bringing him cookies. Lord Houghton and John Morley came to see him here in Camden, and Frank R. Stockton and Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Doyle, the poet's railroad-conductor friend—all sorts of people. Towards the end of his life, Mr. Bliss Perry tells us, "Visitors were shown to the large upper room where the poet usually sat in a stout oak chair by one of the windows, a gray wolf-skin flung over the back of the chair." It was a littered low-ceilinged room strewn with papers in "a mean house upon an unlovely street. Trains jangled and roared at a railroad crossing not far away; when the wind sat in a certain quarter there was a guano factory to be reckoned with. The house was hot in summer and had no furnace for the winter months."

Here the Good Gray Poet lived for the last eight years of his life in high content and much spontaneous conversation, surrounded by innumerable kindnesses and friendlinesses and visited by hundreds of persons most of whom, like Dr. Bucke, were "Almost amazed by the beauty and majesty of his person and the gracious air of purity that surrounded and permeated him," and by his presence, which "seemed to take on a dignity and beauty as of some heroic, vanished epoch."

Such was the Answerer's final response to existence. The whole manner of his last years said as much on the

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subject of democratic and plutocratic ideals as all his books. It said these things in that persuasive way he has described so completely:

> Logic and sermons never convince;
> The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.

III

But Whitman had many fine, poetic and suggestive things to say in words, too, in his Camden years. He said: "Any love that involves slavery is a false love—any love." He said "The best part of any man is his mother."

Henry Adams observes in his distinguished and absorbing *Education* that asking himself whether he knew of any American artist who had ever insisted on the power of sex, as every classic had always done, he could think only of Walt Whitman; Bret Harte, as far as the magazines would let him venture; and one or two painters.

It is not too much to say that if Whitman's art treats this great subject with classic frankness, it adds a touch of greatness of its own in its expression of democracy in sex. In the pages indeed of both Bret Harte and Whitman social morality for men and for women is exactly the same. What Bret Harte says in the parting of John Oakhurst from the Duchess in the face of death, is what Whitman sings when he says that a man's strength is sacred and a woman's strength is sacred.

> No matter who it is, it is sacred.

He hates sin. He is by no means among those who believe there is no such thing. He will confess his own—

> You degradations—you tussle with passions and appetites

and the toil of painful and choked articulations—meannesses, shallow tongue-talks at tables (his tongue the shallowest of any)—broken resolutions. He will recognize sin. He will blame it. But he will not cast out sinners. Especially he will have nothing to do with a philosophy that casts out only such sinners as are women.

> I am the poet of the woman the same as the man;
> And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man;

The beauty of Whitman's expression of democracy in sex would alone rank him as a great contributor to civilization, a great poet in the sense in which Sophocles and Bunyan are great poets.

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Henry Adams has much to say in his chapter on "The Dynamo and the Virgin" about the failure of our world to face the truths of nature that the Western World expressed for centuries in the worship of the Virgin as an avatar of the distinctive force of woman, whether economized or developed.

> The highest energy ever known to man, the creator of four-fifths of his noblest art, exercising vastly more attraction over the human mind than all the steam-engines or dynamos ever dreamed of: and yet this energy was unknown to the American mind.

He excepts Whitman from this ignorance: but the spiritual power and genius in this respect of such a poem as

> Unfolded out of the justice of the woman, all justice is unfolded,
> Unfolded out of the sympathy of the woman is all sympathy

is forgotten even by such a penetrating critic of moral values as Emerson, in the endless question of the moral expediency of frankness on the subject of sex.

Without attempting to answer that question, one may be grateful to Whitman for the dignity of his moral intention in all he says on that topic. It is a curious circumstance that the two poets of genius in our tongue, immediately preceding him, who have most to tell us of this aspect of life, can say almost nothing about it without a leer. Both Byron and Burns are of the manners of a prolonged Eighteenth Century sentimentalism as alien as possible from the knowledge that understands that "any love that involves slavery is a false love." They were both, indeed, professional enslavers. Burns at times, it is true, is humble and honest. But mostly he is the "boastful, libertine bagman" of Stevenson's detestation. Byron has hardly more depth on the subject of the relations of men and women than the "red-blooded man" of Bernard Shaw's satire.

This I think is what Whitman means when he says in an otherwise warmly laudatory appreciation that Burns is "weak and worse than weak"; and of Byron that his poetry is "introverted"—"not at all the fitting, lasting song of a grand serene free race." Whitman remarks elsewhere, with a severity that might confuse, that the verses of Poe are "almost without the first sign of moral principle." But in the sense in which Whitman uses the term morality, it is really true that it hardly occurs in the inspired poetry of the author of *To One in Paradise*. It has no comment to make on the economy or development of

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sex, nothing whatever to say about what is wise or unwise in this regard, or cowardly or courageous or right or wrong. Neither has the work of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier or Bryant. No one blames any of these poets for not choosing topics other than those his own genius had assigned. Yet it is certainly a merit of Whitman's poetry that without evasions or Druidical superstitions it placed the subject of sex before the world with candor as a great social and moral theme.

It is needless perhaps to remark that an individual of no worthiness as a human creature may be able as an artist to present the world with creative discriminations of the highest usefulness. It may not be superfluous to point out that echoes of a poet's life often qualify the tones of his poetry and make one understand them more clearly. The fact that Burns took care of his illegitimate child in his own house; Byron's misguided but responsible concern for his natural daughter Allegra, and his grief at her death—these are circumstances that make much these poets have sung more a matter of a fashion of eighteenth century coxcombry and less a personal conviction of the poets themselves than before one knew of them.

It is not quite fair to leave these circumstances out in considering their detestable attitude towards sex; and it is not quite fair in considering Whitman's splendid assertions of the responsibilities of parenthood to eliminate an episode that invalidated for some people the sincerity of his poetry. Mr. Bliss Perry says "The controversy over Whitman's writings has inevitably raised certain questions as to his own conduct." When John Addington Symonds first read *Calamus* it seems he was troubled by some lines about which he wrote to Whitman.

Shocked at a misinterpretation of which he had not dreamed, Whitman wrote frankly in reply concerning his own early relations with women:—"My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily, and doubtless open to criticism. Though unmarried I have had six children—two are dead—one living Southern grandchild, fine boy, writes to me occasionally—circumstances (connected with their fortune and benefit) have separated me from intimate relations." When this letter was first made public, many of Whitman's staunch friends of the later fifties and the sixties refused to credit its

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statements, preferring to believe that the old man had been romancing. But it had long been known to a smaller group of his Camden friends that Whitman was the father of children, and that he had been visited in his old age by a grandson. To one of these friends he promised while on his death-bed to tell the whole story, but the time for explanation never came. . . . In our ignorance of all the precise facts concerned in these early entanglements we may wisely bear in mind some traits of his character about which there is no reasonable doubt. One of these traits was an unfailing respect for women. . . . The long and bitter controversy over the decency of a few of his poems has led many critics to assume that they were dealing with a libertine. But diligent inquiry among Whitman's early associates has never produced any evidence that he was known to be a companion of dissolute women. What woman or women bore his children, what unforeseen tides of passion or coils of circumstance swept and encircled him for a while, may never be known.

It is somehow impossible to believe Whitman capable of prolonged mean irresponsibility, deceit, unkindness and worthlessness to women and to children whom he loved intimately. You can only feel here concerning this story and the dreams and beauty of his poetry that you are in a mist of ignorance where the rest is silence. Besides, an air of American myth persists about it. There is something in it at once clear and yet blind and unbelievable like the Peruvian history of the Inca Huayna, of whom Garcilasso relates that he had " from two to three hundred enumerated children."

Truthfulness compels one to add concerning Whitman and his relations to women in poetry and in life something that may perhaps be more obvious to a woman reading *Specimen Days* and his Camden biography than to a man. You agree so fully with all his poetic belief in Woman that you regret exceedingly an unescapable perception that in his daily conversation he shows every mark of a man who knows almost nothing at all about individual women: and has never known many or perhaps any of them very well. This is especially apparent in his moments of closest observation on the topic—as for instance when he says with an air of discovery possible to keen and thoughtful penetration that " women can have capital times among

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themselves, with plenty of wit, lunches, jovial abandon." Yet you cannot feel that you would have even this trait, this agreeable, dulled brightness and unfocussed conception of his changed; and it has something thoroughly pleasurable about it, like all his other discriminations large and little.

IV

Whitman's answers about how democracy must proceed by a march in the ranks hard-pressed and the road unknown; about the poetry of openways; of common service for multitudes; about how to live your own life, whatever yours means; about sex, and the native powers of women—these fine replies are all to be heard in the human conversation of Whitman's non-lyric writings, and of his life. Because less familiar, it is to the speaking voice of the Answerer that I have turned for them. But in all except some of the lesser turns of his thought, these truths are all given also in that great singing voice of his which is a national glory—in the songs of the open road that tell you yourself is good-fortune; in the songs that grieve for bereavement down all space and time through the moody and tearful night; and comfort shame and wrong and sinning in their poverties, wincings, and sulky retreats; and rise and fall on forever as rain falls from the heavens and vapors rise from the earth, from the thousand responses of the heart never to cease. Here is the reply of the Answerer who has undertaken to be responsible for democracy. Better than any one might have hoped, it seems to me, he tells us what we are all here for; sings us songs that we can hear before they begin and long after they are ended. He says that they are for those to come after him: and we may believe indeed that this is true; and that the music he says he had always around him unceasing, unbeginning, yet, long untaught he did not hear, is not only for the Bravest Unnamed Soldiers of the past, but for those of the future.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

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OF GARDENS

BY ANNE ATWOOD DODGE

Oh, Mary, give my garden grace
To be his fit abiding place.
I would not have his small heart miss
One least thing of thy garden's bliss,
Nor know regret in any wise
For the starred lawns of Paradise.
That sweet enclosure where you sit—
Oh, tell me what blooms flower in it!
There will be lilies there I know,
Tall silver trumpets, row on row,
And roses blowing white and red
(All tender words of lovers, said
On Earth, gone up to Heaven to be
Thy garden's joy eternally),
And humbler blossoms as beguiled
The laughter of Another Child.
Where his dear stumbling feet shall pass
I will set daisies in the grass,
Pied, tender things of pink and white,
And jonquils for his quaint delight.
There shall be borders proud and fair,
With clove-pinks spicing the clear air
Beneath the larkspur's azure lance,
And gilly flowers and Maids-of-France;
Here the white foxglove spires and there
The clouds of misty lavender.
And all day long a golden bird
Within the hawthorne shall be heard.

ANNE ATWOOD DODGE.

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A MEDITATION ON AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I WAS taking supper with some women who are characteristically "modern." The hour was instinct with life and energy. We were out of doors, in October, breathing air that still sparkled and shone, as the sun in firm tread neared the west. The hour had been caught, like a shining ball, at the end of a day filled, for most of the group, by professional occupations. It seemed to me the apotheosis of a picnic, as I saw the domestic science expert, who runs a successful lunch-room, bending over our steak and fried onions. Her fellow-hostess, who owns with her the fertile farm, where, in a birch grove of their timber-lands, we were picnicing, is a broker with a brilliantly growing business. My fellow-guests were the superintendent of a hospital and the confidential clerk of a firm of exporters. These women had come out from the city, tired from the day's work, but capable of a buoyant reaction to the exceeding beauty of the autumn evening. Those whose home was at the farm had shed their tailored, urban suits, and put on knickerbockers and loose shirts. I admired their free movements, and graceful strength. We were all hungry and ate boldly of an abundant and excellent supper. Cigarettes, for those who wished, followed the coffee, and as the pungent fragrance rose upon the autumn air the talk grew. It ranged from agriculture to Bolshevism, from taxes to religion. It was vigorous talk, pointed and interesting. I was delightedly conscious of the sanity and the resourcefulness of the modern woman who walks out into the market-place unashamed and unafraid.

But I was even more intensely conscious of another element in the beauty of the hour. The mother of one of these women was there, rich in some seventy-five years of human life, and she was *par excellence* the centre of our

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group. Her face was lovely with quietude, her smile rippled gently from one to the other of us, her soft woollen gown fell, in old-fashioned grace, to her feet. To me, whose own mother is dead, she seemed like the hearth-fire of the world. Her daughter, I could see, was ever warming her heart at her. For the broker's fine, almost masculine, strength of body and temperament grew soft when she turned toward her mother, to be sure of her comfort, to see that she had the best seat, the best from the supper table, the best from the conversation. But, indeed, we were all bent toward that same purpose. Involuntarily, like plants turning toward the sun, we sought the consciousness of the older woman's presence. Without her the hour would have lost its tenderest charm. Our modernity would have been harsh without its tribute to a quality in her which is without epoch or age.

The quality seemed to me indefinable but pervasive, as I sat with this guest of honor on the warm rug beneath a golden birch-tree, and watched the others clear away the supper, and heap fresh wood on the ramparted fire. Later, as the broker and I walked across the brown and purple fields, beyond the flaming maples, to the great yellow haystacks, I said to her: "Something is wrong with us if we leave your mother's equipment out of our standards." "But," she said, in quick alarm, "don't you think we shall have it, too, when we are old? It's her tranquillity, which has followed work and sorrow and victory. We can't have that till life gives it to us." And she told me a little of her mother's life, how she had borne and brought up many sons and daughters, and how the usual griefs, through death and through disappointments, had come to her. "It's her peace now," she said, "and that isn't our privilege yet. Don't you really think we shall gain it in time?" "No," I said, "not unless we take her road. It isn't the details of her experience that have made her lovely, but her conclusions from them. At our age she must have chosen"—the Biblical phrase fell upon me—"to hear the reproof of life." "I wonder," mused my friend, "I have never thought of my mother as choosing—she has just been, she *is* perfection."

There it was again—the mother's undeniable power of inspiration. I knew my friend well enough to understand its manifold working. Without her mother, neither her

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character nor her business success would have about them their aura of strength and shining vitality. The mother, unknown in person in the market-place, is a continuous factor there.

Now in this attitude toward an old-fashioned woman, this modern woman is but following the habit of men who have acknowledged the pursuing inspiration of the home. Among my own acquaintances I have noticed a lack of such appreciation chiefly in feministic "women of leisure" who rebel against their own internment. The genuine business or professional woman, working for her living and often for that of dependents, is far more likely to seek in others and to rely upon the qualities that welcome, comfort and inspire her at home: she knows life well enough to evaluate correctly both temporary and eternal feminism. This class of women will inevitably increase. Not only the practical exigencies, but also the soundest ideals of modern life require it. Strikingly enough, through these very women who are obliged to work outside the home we shall probably have again enshrined the guardians of the hearth. It is an empty thing to work unless there is someone at whose feet we can lay the fruits of work. It is a hard thing to work unless there is someone to rejoice in our success, to console us for our failures. The real workers of the world, whether men or women, long for a home, from which to go out, to which to return. Perceiving the insistence of this demand, we learn to discount the shallow absurdities of the social rebel who invents activities only to get away from home.

"I work hard," the broker was saying, as we turned back, "I work hard because at the end of the day I find my mother reading by the lamp, waiting for me to come." We rejoined the group under the birches and the mother welcomed us with a little smile for our brief vagrancy into the silent twilight. Words came to me, suddenly, for her quality. Surrounded by experts, she set them all free and gathered them all in by a wisdom which transcended their knowledge. As we all grew silent, watching the fire die down to coals, my mind pursued the matter.

Feminism, in its best and most benign sense, has largely consisted in opening to women the doors of knowledge. College and professional educations are foregone conclusions for thousands of them. Technical training of all kinds is urged upon thousands more. The war has hastened

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the normal industrial process. We have yet to see the effect of a restored peace. But, whatever the adjustments may be, it is not conceivable that the future holds any return for women to the limitations of ignorance.

With our entry into a multiform knowledge has come our exaggeration of its solitary value. To know how to do things—we seem to say—is the equivalent of knowing how to live. To be proficient in the technique of a trade or profession is to be proficient in the business of being a human being. Experience, to be sure, is forever controverting this opinion, but we retain its implications in our talk and our theories. Rather, education ought at every step to correlate the necessity of wisdom with the astonishing advance of women in all kinds of expertness.

Women have always had the capacity for being wise. This partly explains, I believe, the slowness of society in seeing that both she and man needed also her knowledge. Having the better part already she was not so much scorned as left free in the lesser issues. Blindly, perhaps, but not wholly unrighteously, she was permitted to forego—and she chose to forego—the contribution of technical efficiency in order to contribute the life-blood itself. The objection to her advance along the roads of knowledge, while often seeming like selfish and arrogant conservatism, has in reality been due to an unconscious fear that through this advance the world would suffer in its vital functions. We who are women must acknowledge that we ourselves have sometimes furnished grounds for such a fear. The business woman has been hard, the University woman has been bloodless. Often neither has created fresh spiritual resources in her environment. But such under-nourishment of society is in no sense a necessary corollary of woman's modernity.

In old-fashioned days, indeed, women displayed wisdom chiefly within the home. In spite of the power of Aphrodite, we know perfectly well the value that has been set on the wise woman through the centuries. The immemorial praise of her is ever fresh. Strength and honor are her clothing. Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her. Literature, in all languages, teems with illustrations of this appreciation. Latin found a fine phrase for it, in epitaphs which dealt with the unforgotten influences of dead women. Often the

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chief asset of the wives of the efficient Romans was registered as wisdom of the heart—*sapientia cordis*.

This gives a usable name, at least, to woman's specialized form of a widely diffused human quality. All history shows that it is by wisdom, rather than expertness, that "kings reign and princes decree justice," that democracies come into being, and ordered freedom prevails. To-day Germany has once for all given dramatic and titanic proof of the truth long since apprehended by the Greeks, that mere knowledge without wisdom is destructive. Inwrought in the law of God—so Hellenism insisted—is the necessity of attaining to this wisdom. If you do not accept the law voluntarily, you will have acceptance forced upon you through suffering. In this reverence for wisdom women must share, as they come to share in the government of the state and in the development of all the arts. But in the economy of life there is also a specific wisdom required of either sex. To deny this is to waste one's breath against the decree of nature and the confirmation of experience. It is, in fact, denied only by extreme feminists—and by them only as a sort of lip-service to their cause. One such was insisting to a man that she hoped to see the day when all his New York clubs would be open to women, "because there is no difference whatever between the sexes." The man, assailed in his most sacred retreats, answered with brutal wit: "You are the last person who should say that, you who like anything in trousers, and are bored by everything in skirts." It was true. She perceived the differences as keenly as anybody, only she preferred the masculine. Under a barrage of "identity" she was merely trying to escape from her own sex. But the many women who are working as men thankfully acknowledge the heritage of sex, and gather courage and joy from the distaff side of life.

To define the distaff kind of wisdom is difficult, as soon as we endeavor to see it transplanted beyond its indigenous habitat in the home. There we can describe it by its results. But in the market-place we have yet to see its full fruitage. And yet, there is no reason why it should be, in essence, different from what we already know. In office or factory or shop woman's wisdom can help to infuse democracy with the spirit of love. To her, it may well be, will belong this special element in our social reconstruction. Nor is it sentimental to attribute to her a peculiar skill in those

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personal relations which underlie all "social" ethics. Much that is silly has been written and said about woman's "unselfishness." But sentimentality is often only the froth and foam thrown off from the tides of truthful feeling. We must face the fact that without a sensitive individual regard for the condition of those about us—in the marketplace as well as by the hearth—all schemes for "social justice" will die of inanition. It is not a doctrine for women alone, but to woman may well be apportioned the inculcation of the doctrine through her wisdom of heart.

I speak thus inclusively because I believe that this *sapientia cordis* is open to any woman who will seek it. In this respect it differs from other feminine dowers, such as beauty and charm. These gifts, poured out upon some women and withheld from others, do vastly increase the loveliness of life. But their scope and influence are not to be compared with those of a wisdom which can be attained by all. The first step toward its attainment is to consign knowledge to a secondary place in our scheme of values. The successive steps will be pointed out by life and made traversible by discipline. Wisdom, in tender leaf, ought to show its promise in youth, to burgeon and bloom in the vital years of work, and in old age to bear fruit in that tranquillity which, like the autumn sunshine, gives an aureole to the processes of fruition and completion.

The fire was out, the sun had set. The broker motored us back to town, her car, in a certain sane speed, responding to her sane, strong hand upon the wheel.

"How's business, Johnnie?" a hearty voice called out from the back seat. "Ripping," Joan flung back, as she swept us by a belated truck team. The road to business stretched on ahead of us. An evening wind had arisen and blew fresh in our faces. "I enjoyed the supper," came again the voice from the tonneau, "because your mother was there. She gets me every time." "She is beautiful," came in another and gentler voice. My own voice could not be trusted. But I, too, on my way back to expertness, carried with me the benediction of wisdom.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

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CRITICISM AND SCIENCE

BY JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M. P.

CHANCING recently upon a forgotten obituary notice of Lowell, I find that I wrote thus of him at his death:

> Needless to say, Lowell's want of science and method must affect his literary criticism, on some sides, as Arnold's did his. Both men had a fine literary palate, which was the foundation of their critical work; and they have each done for thousands of us the inestimable service of helping us to know and discriminate literary beauty and charm, and to find in these an indestructible solace and inspiration. To do this is to be abreast of, and to minister to, a full half of the intellectual needs of the age, for not half of the people of any country are yet near the point of profiting by the best ministry of the literature that lies to their hand. Civilization has been on this side one long failure. Thus it is only the few who are concerned to trace and expound the inadequacies and the misjudgments of Lowell and Arnold in their treatment of what we may call the science of literature. No need to speak of them further here: the work of analysis will doubtless be done soon enough.

That the work had already been done to some extent in the United States I gather from Mr. Ferris Greenslet's biography of Lowell, published in 1905; and it has since been done with much completeness and competence by Dr. Joseph J. Reilly in his *James Russell Lowell as a Critic,* to which I referred at some length in my article on Lowell in a recent issue of the REVIEW.

We are invited to make up our minds as to the literary status of Lowell, the critic. Mr. Reilly concludes with the verdict that

> If Lowell is to survive, it must be frankly as an impressionist. For so far as criticism approaches a science, so far as it depends to any serious extent on ultimate principles, so far, in a word, as it is something more fundamental and abiding than the *ipse dixit* of an appreciator, Lowell is not a critic.

This drastic judgment is supported by Dr. Reilly, and to some extent anticipated by Mr. Greenslet, in really excellent analyses of Lowell's method and matter, which

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only at certain points seem to me to be open to serious challenge. Dr. Reilly shows Lowell to be imperfect in his literary sympathies, radically and frequently contradictory in his statement of what he represents as fundamental critical positions, inconsistent in his tests, unphilosophical in many of his analyses and generalizations, and, as a general result, often disappointing, "provoking" to people of warm feelings. Barring certain rectifications of particular judgments by Dr. Reilly which seem to me to be called for, I do not think his general indictment can really be rebutted. The issue is as to his final verdict, that from a scientific point of view "Lowell is not a critic."

Those of us who have expressly striven for "science in criticism" are specially interested in having the final verdict properly put. On Dr. Reilly's view, an impressionist critic is properly not a critic at all. He does not do or seek to do what the spirit of critical science requires at the critic's hands, which is, by implication, to reach judgments proximately as unassailable as those reached in the sciences commonly so called. Such a judgment will probably be, and perhaps has already been, challenged in the name of criticism itself, and is not unlikely to have the effect of arousing hostility to the very ideal that Dr. Reilly champions. Fifty years ago Sainte-Beuve, one of the great practitioners, insisted that criticism is "an *art,*" which the merely anecdotic state of "the science of the moralist" prevented from attaining scientific status. A quarter of a century ago, Professor Droz of Besançon, in a carefully reasoned study, declared that "literary criticism, in so far as it sets itself to judge the beauty of works, is not a science." Dr. Reilly might perhaps reply that by criticism he does not understand merely the judging of literary beauty, and that Lowell, like most other critics, attempted much more than that. But even if we take in the whole field, and include in criticism the judging of authors and the estimating of all the grounds of their appeal, the demand put by M. Droz would probably still be forthcoming if the process of judgment throughout the field were claimed to be "a science." Solution of the deadlock, I suspect, is to be found only by discriminating between the forces of the expressions "a science," "science," "scientific."

The term "science," and still more "*a* science," by common agreement carries the usual sense of a body of

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ascertained and co-ordinated knowledge, formulated in textbooks, and in the main or in large part agreed upon among special students, with reservation only of some matters in dispute for the time being. Now in this sense, clearly, *a* "science of criticism" does not exist and is not likely to exist in the near future. But then this sense, which merely indicates the most common application of the term, does not constitute its whole scope, even in academic usage. There is in constant use the phrase "moral science," though it would be hard to make out that there is any body of accepted knowledge coming under that head. And so it is with such terms as "historic science" and "political science": nay, experts in economics have not yet done debating as to whether that specialism is a science or an art, though "economic science" has just as much currency as "moral science." We are forced, in short, to remember that "science" has a generic as well as a particular, an abstract as well as a special meaning; and that the term "scientific" is even wider in its applicability.

Science, which primarily means simply knowledge, has come to mean exact and tested and ordered knowledge, and thus really signifies just the carefully ascertained truth about things; even as "scientific" points to a methodical and circumspect as against a haphazard or purely impressionist way of thinking, inquiring, and judging. And if we but ask ourselves how, where, and when science did or does begin, we are compelled to see that the quasi-absolute force which we tend to assign to the word is a straining of the facts. There was no moment at which geology or astronomy or biology became a science after being non-science. There is science in all considerate and painstaking notation and collocation of facts. Men proceed by generalizations and hypotheses, which are checked by other men and modified and recast, and then made the basis of other generalizations and hypotheses, which are similarly treated. In the words of F. A. Wolf, adopted by Matthew Arnold, "all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to the original sources." This necessarily means tentative approach, some error, and rectification. Absence of error cannot be made the mark of *a* science, for every science goes on admitting rectifications, to say nothing of re-formulations. Scientific method is just

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careful, critical, reflective, tested and consistent method. For that very reason, there arises in regard to literary criticism, which claims to be reflective and judicial, the demand that it shall become less haphazard, less arbitrary, more consistent than it has been. And the demand is in the long run irresistible. Impatient men of letters, and emotional readers, may protest that it is all a matter of comparing tastes, which in the nature of things vary; but this protest will not carry them far. If they are convicted, as so many critics have been, of pronouncing expressly contradictory judgments, and are challenged to say which term of the contradiction expresses their "taste," even they must so far bow to the demand for circumspection. If they choose to say, with Whitman in a humorous mood, "If I contradict myself, why then I contradict myself," they merely end, so far as they are concerned, the discussion; which will go on in their absence, among people content to recognize the multiplication table. They must go further, or fare worse. Mr. Arthur Symons did go further when, over twenty years ago, he declared concerning an appeal for science in criticism that such science, as he understood it, would not be literature. And in large measure he may be said to have been right, having regard to the current aesthetic force of the term literature. It implies a concern for beauty or charm of statement, a way of saying things that is in itself an artistic possession. The primary purpose of science is different: it aims at tracing law and causation; and the proposed critical science, or scientific criticism, would aim at tracing law and causation in respect of literary effects, following up the literary phenomena on the one hand to the mental structure of the writer studied, and on the other hand to the varieties of mental structure and bias which determine the varying response of the reader. I am not sure whether Mr. Symons would have said that *this* procedure could not be literature. But some probably would; and the answer to them would be something like this:

It is quite true that an eloquent or finely phrased "appreciation" of an author, "laying down the law" as to his merits and demerits, his character and his gifts, may be more readily made a source of literary pleasure than an enquiry which proceeds judicially, examines contrary estimates, analyzing problems and propositions, and tracing ef-

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fects and impressions on the one hand to varying faculties in the author and on the other to varying receptivity in the readers. It is common ground that Lowell's criticisms give much literary pleasure by their impressionism. But then Lowell certainly claimed, at least implicitly, to be doing more than conveying impressions, unless we are to say that a man does no more than that who emphatically and elaborately says "the thing *is* so," and impugns or derides those who say it is otherwise. In a word, the purely impressionist critic is nowhere to be found in bulk. The mere impressionist does not write, or very rarely writes, his judgments; whereas Lowell was a critic and judge by profession. And no critic can have it both ways. When he puts a definite judgment he is claiming to convey a truth to people who believe that truth in that regard is attainable; and he must admit his judgment to be open to the tests of truth—consistency, adequacy to the problem, conformity to admitted facts. Lowell surely made the admission.

And even if, for the time being, there is less sparkle and charm about the more circumspect enquiry than about the more heedless pronouncement, the matter does not end there. Literature which claims to guide opinion, while it may win much of the privilege of poetry—the typical mode of literary art, and the one which is avowedly most alien in its aim to the aim of science—is always more conditioned than is poetry by the test of rightness and consistency of thought. Even poetry cannot wholly escape the test. Newman's *Lead, kindly light,* has been subjected, by people quite sympathetic with its mood, to tests of simple analysis of meaning which disconcert old admirers, leaving them less enthusiastic, or even unenthusiastic. And criticism, which, however "literary", is necessarily ratiocinative, where poetry is relatively "simple, sensuous, and passionate", cannot but be impaired even as to its charm by the discovery that it is false, that its implied reasoning is absurd, that its judgments are inadequate or self-contradictory. Say what they will, critics know this; and if they have the root of the matter in them they practice vigilance, *self*-criticism, caution in judgment.

In a word, they seek to become more scientific than they were, or than their predecessors were. Arnold's primary and characteristic demand was that criticism shall become more heedful, more thoughtful, and so more veridical; and

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Lowell's criticism is from the first an appeal for rectifications. And if these critics succeeded in being from the first more truly "literary" than those whose judgments they challenged, whereas those who in turn challenge them are forced by their clearer purpose and more ratiocinative task to a process of analysis, eristic and judicial, which at first partakes more of the tone of science than of that of literature, the latter are not thereby in the least confuted. The more single-minded among them will not even concern themselves as to whether they shall ultimately hold literary or scientific status—or any status at all. It will suffice for them that they reached or sought truth.

But the more scrupulously truth-seeking criticism is really not ultimately debarred from "literary" status even by acceptance of that drudgery of patient thought from which the impressionistic innovators recoiled or abstained—or, let us plainly say, for which they were not qualified. The more scientific grasp of truth, the sifted truth, passes in due course into the blood streams, as it were, of the new generation, becoming as truly part of the life of feeling as were the untested guesses and intuitions of the past; and in that stage it is as much matter of "literature" as what went before. Under Arnold's ill-considered and formally false definition of poetry as "at bottom criticism of life", lies the truth that even poetry is ultimately tested by its hold on sanity, its congruity with life and things, its relation to the developing psychosis and philosophy of the evolving world. Thus a great deal of temporarily successful literature tends in time to fail as literature.

The same is true, certainly, of what aims at being science. Much of the criticism of past centuries took a quasi-scientific form, and professed a scientific purpose. Burke in his day wrote of "the science of criticism," and Kames claimed that it was "a rational science"; and their science did not prove adequate. Yet the just inference is not a verdict for the anti-scientific spirit, or for the rejection of the scientific. Kames had his effect on the literature of his age in so far (it was not very far) as his own aesthetic perceptions were abreast of the existing product. Science means a perpetual reconsideration, even as literature is a perpetual re-impression and re-wording of feeling and thought. Twenty years ago, French students filled with the new spirit had come to employ *"de la littérature"* as a term of derision: It sig-

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nified for them obscurantism, the preference for verbiage over reasoned thought, rhetoric over true criticism, declamation over the scientific spirit.

But their derision does not dispose of the spirit of literature, any more than literary obscurantism disposes of the spirit of science. Science and literature alike are at perpetual grips with inertia: the struggle is the eternal and fundamental conflict between the forces of change and the forces of resistance to change. The new criticism, in due course, becomes literature just as did the old. Hennequin's treatise on *La Critique Scientifique* is indeed a work of nearly pure science, hard to read and master, avowedly (even needlessly and unfortunately) repellent in terminology; but his critiques of authors are just as truly literature as are Lowell's, albeit a drier wine. Impressionism has not disappeared: in reality we get the impressionism of a new knowledge, no longer amateurish—at least relatively much less so—but in its more watchful way quite as confident as the old; perhaps, some will say, quite as overconfident. For there is more science to come, more reconsideration, a recognition of yet further problems, with doubtless a further recasting of criticism. Such is the law of evolution, in literature as in life.

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"WHEN I speak my native tongue in its utmost purity in England," said Mark Twain in 1882, "an Englishman can't understand me at all." A generation later, Sidney Low, writing in the *Westminster Gazette* (July, 1913) remarked that "we [the English] ought to learn the American language in our schools and colleges . . . We teach . . . Spanish, Russian, modern Greek, Arabic, Hindustani . . . But . . . there is nobody to teach you American. I have never seen a grammar of it, or a dictionary . . . The native speech of one hundred million of civilized people is as grossly neglected by the publishers as it is by the schoolmasters. You can find means to learn Hausa or Swahili or Cape Dutch in London more easily than the expressive, if difficult, tongue which is spoken in the office, the bar-room, the tram-car, from the snows of Alaska to the mouths of the Mississippi, and is enshrined in a literature that is growing in volume and favor every day."

Mr. Low thought he was being funny when he wrote that—certainly he did not mean to be taken literally. But the Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (1910) was not trying to be funny when it said that "it is not uncommon to meet with [American] newspaper articles of which an untravelled Englishman would hardly be able to understand a sentence." Our own *Evening Post* (N. Y.) has recently plucked from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* a typical newspaper headline written in "American" which would probably elicit cries of acute distress from any untravelled

[1] *The American Language*, by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1919.

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citizen of Liverpool. It reads thus: CARFARE GOUGE PUT UP TO EDGE." One might hold that four out of those six words are slang, and that an Englishman should not be expected to understand foreign slang at sight, any more than an American should be expected to be reciprocally intelligent. But at what point does a word or a phrase cease to be slang and become respectable? Is "gouge" (the noun) any longer to be regarded as slang? We are not sure. "Put up to"?—yes, perhaps.

A writer in the London *Daily Mail* recently essayed to make plain the way of the English movie fan confronted by American films. He deemed it needful to define for the British "cinema" spectator such familiar elements of our American language as *hoodlum, hobo, bunco-steerer, rubberneck, drummer, sucker, dive* (the noun), and *graft.* Now which of these are "slang,"—and, as such, permissably baffling to a foreigner,—and which belong to our polite speech? Beyond any question at all, *hoodlum* has ceased to be slang, and is now admitted into the drawing-rooms of "polite" writers and allowed to sit at ease on the chintz. Just as certainly, *rubberneck* has not yet had its adam's apple scrubbed in preparation for the starched collar of genteel usage. It is still "slang" (though, as slang, it is what the azygous F. P. A. would call "Old, old stuff," and what the returning Parisianized doughboy would doubtless call *vieux chapeau*). But it is, beyond dispute, slang, even if it is stale slang, and one cannot imagine it being used in a piece of serious writing by Mr. Paul Elmer More. Surely *graft* (the noun) has ceased to be slang; but how about *hobo?* Would Mr. More use *hobo?* It is not a matter of age at all. Age may wither and custom stale, but they do not necessarily legitimize: for *dead-beat,* whose origin has been traced to 1877, is still expected to eat with its knife and wear "made" cravats, whereas *dive* (in the sense of a "low" resort) is now perfectly good academic American, though it is of later origin than *dead-beat.*

It is all very perplexing indeed. And if foreigners like the English are not going to teach American with earnest and intelligent assiduity, what is to happen? Someone has said that it will all come out right, because the English are appreciative and acquisitive enough to appropriate a linguistic invention as soon as we turn it out, and incorporate it in their own language. But how does that help

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to promote comprehension if the Englishman mistakes the meaning of the words he fancies and wants to appropriate? We have heard one Englishman explain to another Englishman that when an American called someone a "dead beat" he meant to denote an undertaker. And there is this further difficulty: If American is to be taught in English schools, how are the instructors to know whether an American word is still "slang" (and therefore negligible in the present education of English boys and girls), or whether we have taken the verbal unfortunate off the streets and made an Honest Woman of her? We ourselves don't always know.

What would an English school-teacher make of such an ordinary American sentence as this: "He had a skirt with him"? Is *skirt,* in this sense, "slang"? No doubt. But for concise and comprehensive and triumphant expressiveness, it is irreplacable. Try to convey exactly the same sense, with the same economy, using any word that the *Spectator* would use. It can't be done. We have here an authentic addition to expressive speech, not merely a lazy substitute; and in five years you may find it in a New York *Times* editorial—without quotation-marks.

To anyone who has read Mr. H. L. Mencken's new book, the inspiration of the foregoing reflections will be obvious. Mr. Mencken in this book is more than engrossing. He is pestiferous. For is it not pestiferous to tie one to the tail of a 320-word book, in smallish print, from milking-time till sun-up? That is what will happen ("infallyibly," as Mr. Barrie's Policeman says) to anyone whose trade is words, English or American; and it is probably what will happen to anyone else who is sufficiently interested to begin Mr. Mencken's book.

Every newspaper editor knows that an unfailing way to educe a torrent of correspondence from his readers is to start some verbal controversy. It is as certain to produce results as the throwing of a tomato omelette into an electric fan—an experiment which Mr. Oliver Herford (we believe) once declared to be the most urgent of his suppressed desires. We think Mr. Mencken has started something almost as exciting as the realization of Mr. Herford's secret ambition would be. His title alone is enough to rejoice the soul of any newspaper editor who might have thought to use it to initiate

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a discussion. "The American Language"! Does it exist? Is it different from standard English, "not merely in vocabulary, to be disposed of in an alphabetical list," but "in conjugation and declension, in metaphor and idiom, in the whole fashion of using words"? Mr. Mencken set out to prove that it is, and he has pulled off an achievement of extraordinary interest and importance.

This is no mere dictionary of Americanisms, as its publisher justly observes, but an attempt—an exceedingly able attempt—"to investigate the lines of growth of the language in America, with particular attention to its spoken form." Mr. Mencken examines the grammar of colloquial America, American spelling, the influence of immigrant languages upon English in America, the mutations of American surnames, American proverbs, American slang. It would be impossible to do justice to his book without carrying representation and discussion to an impracticable length. There is no help for it but to be unjust to his treatise, and unwillingly seem to contract its scope and comprehensiveness by dwelling upon one or two of its many significant aspects.

One's agreement with Mr. Mencken is so nearly one hundred per cent that one gets a certain low-lived satisfaction from disagreeing—when one can. Our chief difference with him is caused by what we feel to be a defect of emphasis. It seems to us that Mr. Mencken is too much dazzled by what he somewhere calls our "incomparable capacity for projecting hidden and often fantastic relationships into arresting parts of speech." Such a term as *rubberneck,* he thinks, is almost a complete treatise on national psychology. "It has in it precisely the boldness and disdain of ordered forms that are so characteristically American." The American "likes to make his language as he goes along." We incline, he thinks, toward a directness of statement which, at its worst, lacks restraint and urbanity. So far, he thinks, we have escaped tall-talk, Johnsonese, machine-made jargon. We "rebel instinctively" against circumlocution. "There is more than mere humorous contrast between the famous placard in the wash-room of the British Museum: *These Basins Are For Casual Ablutions Only,* and the familiar sign at American railway crossings: *Stop! Look! Listen.*"

At our best, there is no denying the fact that we are

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wonders at inventing bold, vivid, concise, direct, and brilliantly expressive speech. *Joy-ride* is incomparable. So is *standpatter.* So are *lounge-lizard, high-brow, bone-head, tight-wad, road-louse; barrel* (for illicit affluence), *pork* (for public graft). There is no doubt that we have a creative way with language—let us admit it. But we think Mr. Mencken is a little too easy with us, a little under-critical. Along with this obvious tendency of the American language toward condensation, we must recognize—if we look steadily and honestly—another tendency, equally typical, in the opposite direction. We mean the patent American love for the verbally evasive, the verbally indirect, ambiguous, redundant.

We love the pretentious in speech, the absurdly ornate, the circumlocutory. It was our beloved America that invented *tonsorial parlor;* that adores the clumsily elaborate, the timidly genteel phrase; that prefers a shambling euphemism to a racy and swift directness. It was in America, in 1918, that the Army Medical Corps complained of the handicap imposed upon their work of essential public education because of the anserine squeamishness of the newspapers, which in most cases refused to print its bulletins regarding the prevalence of syphilis because, as one blameless journalistic soul explained, "the use of such terms as 'gonorrhea,' 'syphilis,' and even 'venereal diseases' *would not add to the tone of the papers*" (the italics are ours). Such fatuous and panicky evasions as *statutory offense* for *adultery,* or *an interesting condition* for *pregnant,* are typically American. It is said that the New York *Evening Post* only recently permitted its reporters to use the bold term *street-walker.*

This trait, so far as it concerns language that touches upon the more urgent realities of the flesh, is due, of course, merely to our irremediable Puritan hang-over. Mr. Mencken recognizes this truth, and has his fun with it. How can one thank him sufficiently for incidentally unearthing the fact that during the Victorean era in England the linguistic drapers, seeking a polite substitute for *bull,* which was banned as too gross for refined ears, hit upon and used the enchanting subterfuge, *gentleman-cow?* But while England has for the most part recovered from that ludicrous and horrible distemper, America has not. Mr. Mencken refers to a recent example of the use of *male-cow*

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for *bull* as quoted in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association for November 17, 1917.

Mr. Mencken might point to the edifying fact that the American who now represents us abroad has not hesitated to use in public discourse such phrases as *going some,* and *hog* (as a verb). That is indeed all to the good. But Mr. Wilson is sufficiently expert in the use of language to know when to express himself like Walter Bagehot and when to express himself like the Man in the Street. Mr. Wilson's speech is, however, scarcely typical of the American language. Take a speech that is; not that of the motorman in New York, the ironworker in Pittsburgh, the corner grocer in St. Louis, the carpenter in Ohio: that, in the main, as Mr. Mencken says, is "a highly virile and defiant dialect," disdainful of precedent, without self-consciousness, "deriving its principles from the rough and ready logic of every day." Take the speech of the semi-educated American—the habitual speech of the American manufacturer, of the lower grade of Congressman, of the small-town matron, of the T. B. M., of the average newspaper-man—the American language that is used in a million prosperous provincial homes, a million business offices, a million newspaper "stories" and editorials. It is a speech that is flabby with timorous euphemisms. It is shambling, mincing, cheaply "refined," indecently "respectable." It seems almost incapable of direct and honest speech. It not only says *limbs* when it means *legs* (which is merely the Puritan complex uttering a feebly shameful reminder of its dirty past), but it fails to say what it means even when it means something wholly unrelated to Sex and Sin. One would not expect a "nice" American woman to emulate the shameless English and call a female canine a *bitch.* She would be content with *dog;* or, if pressed, would take refuge in *lady-dog*—we have heard it. (Mr. Mencken admits this fact, but attempts to account for it by the delightfully naïve and excessively indulgent explanation that it is due "largely, perhaps," to the English people's "greater familiarity with country life.") But why does the average semi-educated, middle-class American (who, bless his amiable soul, rules our intellectual life) say *under the influence of liquor* when he means *drunk,* and *retire* when he means *go to bed?*

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We think it is because the average American, despite his indisputable liking for the succinct and the vividly direct, has a concurrent, deep-seated, ineradicable inclination toward the euphemistic, the evasive, the stilted, the highfalutin'. This tendency permeates the speaking and writing of Americans, in regions of reflection and reaction where the Puritan complex does not enter at all. Is it because the American is really, for all his superficial raciness and vividness and impatience, at heart a quaking traditionalist, an incurable side-stepper? One sometimes suspects that this is so.

Mr. Mencken speaks of "the disdain of ordered forms" that is "so characteristically American." We think this "disdain" is largely superficial. In his heart of hearts, the American loves the old ways, the conventional ways. The art that he loves is saccharine, pretty, conventional—he infinitely prefers Howard Chandler Christy to Glackens; the Pretty-Girl, Little Tot, Lover-and-Sweetheart confections on the popular magazine covers to the drawings of Boardman Robinson or Art Young. He would willingly chuck Walt Whitman any day for Longfellow. He thrills at the *Méditation Religeuse* from "Thaïs" and goes to sleep over Moussorgsky.

But all this is hardly Mr. Mencken's fault. We have dwelt upon it merely because he did not, and we think his indulgence a defect in a book that is almost always sound, shrewd, discerning, just. This treatise is accomplished with humor, with brilliancy, with sympathetic imagination. And, as we began by saying, it is deplorably engrossing.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

TEN YEARS NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER. By Maurice Francis Egan, former United States Minister to Denmark. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Did the war begin in the Balkans, in the brain of the Kaiser, in the policy of Frederick, called the Great, or in the murder of Abel? It is always permissible for a writer to choose his own point of departure. Mr. Egan says that the war began in Denmark; and there is much to be urged in favor of this view. In 1864, Denmark was deprived of Slesvig-Holstein—a province as Danish as Alsace-Lorraine is French—by the united pressure of Prussia and of Austria, Prussia's subservient ally. "This was the beginning," says Mr. Egan, "of the mighty German Empire; it made the Kiel Canal possible, and laid the foundation of the German navy. Slesvig, too, supplied the best sailors in the world. Bismarck, when he cynically treated Slesvig as a pawn in his game, had his eye on a future navy—a navy which would one day force the British from the dominion of the sea!"

Certainly, wherever one looks for the beginning of the war, one finds (if one keeps within the modern period) that it began in German perfidy, German treachery, exercised toward some weaker neighbor. The fate of Belgium roused American conscience; it made Americans set their teeth in grim determination; the fate of Serbia made American blood boil. But nothing could have exacerbated American sensibilities or outraged the American spirit of self-assertion more than to have been placed—if that had been possible—in the situation of Denmark. America in constant fear of a powerful, unscrupulous "Southern neighbor," America forced to consider what that neighbor might think of every ordinary exercise of American sovereignty—unthinkable! Yet such was the situation of Denmark—and the Danes did not like it much better than we would have liked it if we had been in their place.

To a diplomat during the war, and before it, Copenhagen afforded a most advantageous post of observation not only because it was a favorable position for watching German dealings with Norway and Sweden as well as with Denmark, not only because it enabled Mr. Egan to obtain a somewhat intimate view of Germany through Danish eyes, but also because Copenhagen was a sort of diplomatic clearing house. One important truth of world-politics was impressed on Mr. Egan soon after he first went to Denmark as United States Minister in 1907. Laugh as one might, and as most people did in that year, at

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German bumptiousness and at German encroachments,—the alarm had already been sounded in South America,—it became plain to Mr. Egan that Prussianized Germany might at any moment seize Denmark, and that in this case the Danish West Indies would become Prussian—a pleasant prospect for us, in view of our Monroe Doctrine! Thus, an interest in the West Indian problem, unusual among Americans at that time, and an opportunity to feel out Danish opinion in this matter and to catch the Danish reaction toward Germany, gave our Minister, not the gift of prophecy, but a certain insight into German motives and methods, from the first. But this was not all: to be a diplomat at Copenhagen required an unusual attention to the mysteries of dynastic politics—the bad old system of personal relationships between rulers that had not, during Mr. Egan's stay in Denmark, by any means lost its power. That Mr. Egan possessed the requisite knowledge is made apparent not only by the ease—dazzling to republican simplicity—with which he treats of royal and semi-royal family histories, but also by the many graphic thumbnail sketches he gives of important and interesting personages. Although King Frederick objected to having the Court at Copenhagen regarded as a sort of royal marriage market, and discouraged suitors for the hands of his daughters, it was none the less true that previous royal marriages and the fact that nearly every diplomat at Copenhagen was a favorite with his sovereign, gave the post unusual prestige, and made "conversations" possible there which could not have taken place elsewhere. Mr. Egan evidently understood the situation and tactfully adjusted himself to it. He was on good terms with Szchenyi, the Austro-Hungarian Minister and rather intimate with Henkel-Donnersmarck, a German statesman somewhat too old-fashioned to please the Kaiser. Than Mr. Egan few of our diplomats seem to have learned more from their colleagues.

The ideas which the keenly observant, shrewdly receptive, and notably far-sighted author of these memoirs seems desirous, amid all the entertaining digressions and incidental pleasantries of his narrative, of impressing upon his compatriots are two: first, the extent, the subtlety and the virulence of German propaganda, and second, the need of America for an intelligent knowledge of those smaller countries in which the American democratic example ought to have been most powerful but in which German influence was in reality least opposed from without.

We are friendly to the smaller countries, and they now have some reason to trust us—but do they really understand us, or we them? In Denmark, Minister Egan was seriously embarrassed in his efforts to negotiate the sale of the Danish West Indies—a sale completed just in the nick of time, before America entered the war—because Danes generally considered Americans so barbarously disposed toward negroes that they could not be trusted to rule them. Actually, Danish humanitarian feeling was up in arms against America. What a pity that certain Southern lynchings should so have misrepresented to Denmark the general attitude of America. How unfortunate that the real nature of the American negro problem could not have been even a little understood in Denmark! Before the war we did not concern ourselves much about such things. The fact that we almost lost the Danish West

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Indies because Denmark saw our civilization through the medium of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* may serve as an example to warn us against provincial indifference to the opinions of the world; but the whole problem is of course bigger than *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and broader than Denmark.

"We have two bad habits," writes Mr. Egan: "We read our psychology as well as our temperament—the result of a unique kind of experience and education—into the minds of other people, and we despise the opinion of nations which are small." Is it not one of the conspicuous lessons of the war that it makes a world of difference whether the little countries regard democracy with hope and affection, or look "with helpless respect" toward autocracy? Truly there has always been too much truth in the gibe of Mr. Dooley: "Up until recently ye thought Bulgaria was only the name of a sleepin' car." Yet Bulgaria counted—and on the wrong side.

In the little countries German vigilance was sleepless, German influence unceasing. In Sweden the upper classes were allowed no intellectual contact with the democracies of the world, the fear of Russia was sedulously kept alive, and the good feeling between Sweden and Denmark was undermined. *Kultur* patronized Danish letters. It was impossible for a Danish author to succeed, on a large scale, unless his works were translated into German and sold in Germany; and hence it was impossible for a Danish author to write against Germany without sacrificing at once his market and his reputation outside of Denmark. In all the Scandinavian countries scholars looked to Germany as the center of learning, and received encouragement from Germany.

And if German intrigue was unsuccessful in Norway, this failure was due neither to counter-influences upon the part of the Allies nor to a lack of diligence upon the part of the friends of Germany. The reason for German unsuccess in Norway should be interesting to Americans. Neither Swede nor Norwegian, it would seem, is designed by nature to be a slave of autocracy, and of the Norwegian in particular it is said that he "can neither be laughed, argued, or coerced out of an opinion that he believes to be founded on a principle"; and that "he looks on all questions from the point of view of a free man thinking his own thoughts."

All this spreading of German influence and prestige Mr. Egan from his central position in Copenhagen could see and understand. No other book is itself less of the nature, or has less the tone, of propaganda than this one of his; yet no other book tells us quite so much about the working of propaganda. Honest propaganda, one sees, of course, is the best. The Germans knew this as well as anybody, and so up to a certain point their methods were honest! Germany did indeed encourage and praise Scandinavian scholars and authors who had merit—not those who lacked it. She was as honest as Iago—

> And what's he then that says I play the villain,
> When this advice I give is free and honest,
> Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
> To win the Moor again?

Such mock honesty must be counteracted by real honesty. Propa-

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ganda—much as Americans have come to loathe the very word—must be used not for intrigue but in the interests of mutual understanding; it must be a propaganda of truth designed to build up that public opinion of the world which is the surest safeguard of peace. And nowhere is the need of mutual understanding more apparent than in the case of America and Scandinavia; for "our position in the world of democracy has been affected in these northern nations by the constant representations upon the part of our enemies that we are a people of usurers and materialists"—and this at a time when the Danes and Norwegians are in love with democracy and the Swedes are turning toward freedom.

Persuasive, plausible, and poisonous, German intrigue did not scruple to use religion as a means to strengthen itself. This was obvious enough in Germany itself; but it is probable that the very blatancy of German utterances about "the good old German God" blinded most of us to the scope of German religious propaganda. Could it be that a nation which appeared to have lapsed into paganism could hope to influence other nations through religion? But it was even so!

The Cahensly plot in America, the plan to keep German Catholic immigrants in America faithful to the Fatherland by placing them under the exclusive influence of German preachers and teachers —a plan bravely and successfully opposed by Archbishop Ireland— showed the possibilities in this direction. The same thing had been tried among the Lutherans and had for a time succeeded. Not only was religion in Germany compelled to justify Kaiserism, but Kaiserism was elsewhere "concealed in the glove of piety."

But it is scarcely less surprising to learn something of the true religious and political situation within Germany. What elements in Germany, if any, were anti-imperialistic? Not the Socialists certainly —every one understands that now. How about the party of the Center? The matter is rather too complicated and too delicate for brief exposition, but it may be said that at the outbreak of the war the Center was no longer the party of Windthorst, and that something of a surprise awaits those whose ideas about the position of the Center have been derived, let us say, from that work of imposing frankness and text-book gravity, von Buelow's *Imperial Germany*.

Ultra-gravity, by the way, is not the chief characteristic of Mr. Egan's book. This is well, for though there is really no subject so serious as that of international politics, the portentous technicalities and solemn mysteries of world politics are just now somewhat discredited.

In general our books of ambassadorial authorship in America have manifested a saving sense of humor, which is often in America the complement of earnestness. If there is a certain glee in Mr. Egan's accounts of how he escaped relatively unscathed from Dr. Cook, and of how he deprived his friends the journalists of a big sensation in connection with the visit to Copenhagen of Booker T. Washington—to whom Mr. Egan pays, in passing, a high tribute— American readers will be only the more readily impressed with the value of the viewpoint which he sets forth with so much insight and so much knowledge.

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JOYCE KILMER. Edited with a Memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In order to understand Joyce Kilmer, one must have him whole. That is why one is so much more grateful for these two volumes of poems, essays, and letters than one usually is for such collections. The poems are original and sincere, certainly; the essays are clever and as natural as sunshine. Yet there is no single essay or poem, perhaps, that would preserve the name of Joyce Kilmer from ultimate oblivion. That Joyce Kilmer should be forgotten, however, would be a calamity; he was a man whose vital influence should not be restricted to a small circle or a short life. Few can read his story and the things that he wrote without a sense of enlarged life and heightened hope.

Here in America we have been mixing bloods, educating, democratizing, exposing young people to all sorts of stimulating influences for a good many generations. And what do we expect to be the result? What, in other words, do we hope, in our hearts, that the state of our children and our children's children, at best, will be? For of course our ideals, so far as they are not meant merely to keep us in the straight and narrow path, mostly have reference to posterity. Perhaps it is not too bold an assertion to say that we more or less consciously look forward to a time when, on the whole, our youthful descendants will be in freedom, in sincerity, in buoyancy, in humanity, and above all in joy of living, much as Joyce Kilmer was. Francis Thompson wrote of the "after-woman"; Joyce Kilmer was the after-youth, come before his time.

This statement, while it sounds sentimental, is in fact perfectly logical. Joyce Kilmer was a natural product of our loose and much criticized, but now at last triumphantly justified American system of education. He was as sturdily independent as one of the men of 1776, as daring as a pioneer, as adaptable as an American woman. He was unconventional; he was not technical; he was not profound, but he was keen and right. He was amazingly versatile, full of quenchless enthusiasm, thoroughly alive. He had the divine gift of humor without unkindness, and a pathetic seriousness without the least taint of old-world melancholy or imported romanticism. He was, as the new American will certainly be, cosmopolitan in sympathies, but at the same time warmly nationalistic. He could be ecstatic as a lark sometimes, but was eminently shrewd and sensible.

Certainly if all this does not represent our ideal of the future American, it represents with fair accuracy what we seem to be doing our best to make him. If we want a type sadder, more prudent, more deeply marked by the precocious sobriety of an early maturity, something graver and more "vocational" in aspect, something a little more old-fogyish, more like a German student, perhaps; more given to accepting ready-made ideas, more profound with a second-hand profundity, more skeptical, more submissive,—then we are not, in this land of the free, with our colleges, with our free association of the sexes, with our throwing open of every door to the young—we are not taking the right way to get it. Our young people have a good deal their own way, and it seems to us who are older, that they undergo a good deal of excitement and store away a good deal of experience before they are

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twenty-five. Does this spoil them or make them blasé? Not necessarily.

Joyce Kilmer himself always declared that he was half Irish. No one who has himself a "flash of the Irish" can fail to recognize the truth of this claim. But there were other strains—English and Scotch. And the quality of Kilmer's mind was, after all, quite as much Yankee as Irish. No sooner does one permit oneself to say of some remark of his that it is a perfectly characteristic example of Irish wit than one is struck with the general kinship of the thought with something said, for instance, by Mark Twain. So of his poetry: some of it has an appeal like that of James Whitcomb Riley; but Riley was above all things sentimental and Hoosier, while Kilmer at times more truly connects with the older American tradition. He is often in spirit not unlike Holmes, or Lowell—but with, of course, a difference.

What strikes one in Kilmer's writings, after all, is that here is something not so much modern, after the present fashion of modernity, as actually and refreshingly new—something warmer, truer, better balanced, and more natural than the older literature; something more honest than the old efforts after honesty, freer than the old struggles for freedom. Is it not possible that this better spirit, this less hampered expression, this easier access to sympathy, is waiting for us, or for our children, somewhere not too far in the future?

The feeling of newness, the sense of the future, in Kilmer's work, is due less to its originality than to its harmonious combination of widely different feelings and impressions—a combination not at all suggestive of what is called "modern unrest." Stridency, shock, overdone realism, fine-spun skepticism, over-wrought mood—all the most characteristically modern things, in short, appear to be automatically excluded from his poetry. There is no apparent effort at exclusion; he simply writes as he pleases, and his writing suggests a new order of things, built on the old—suggests a love of children, for instance, that is not especially Hoosier or small-townish, a love of home that is robust enough to find joy in steam heat, electric light, and hardwood floors, as that of our fathers was sufficiently vigorous to survive the discomforts and inconveniences of the old homestead—all this felt with a greater relish than of old, and with a fuller, a more varied sympathy for others.

A poet who writes of love, if he is sincere, produces from within himself things old and things new, all that he has, in fact. If he is discontented or narrow minded or moody or flippant, he is very likely to reveal the fact. Kilmer had an unbounded scorn for those whom he addressed as—

> You little poets mincing there
> With women's hearts and women's hair.

He himself wrote love poetry in the spirit of Walter Scott—except, of course, that Sir Walter did not know how to write love poetry and did not have the advantage of being brought up among modern American young women. But it is not merely the fineness, the chivalry, of such a poem as "The Blue Valentine" that impresses one; it is the

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richness of the offering, the wealth and contentment of the mind that can so think and feel.

What all this betokens is a personality perfectly integrated and therefore, as was always felt by those who knew Kilmer, happy and strong. In him, humor, piety, love, friendship, intellect, meet in a synthesis that one feels to be somehow new. In this personality, there seems to be no unhappy break with the past, no undue discontent with the present, no sense of homelessness, no apparent lesion of any kind. It accepts heartily the conditions that so many have found disturbing—modern life, this modern war of ours, everything—and adjusts itself to them. Not even the work of a hack-writer could embitter it.

What of his standing as a man of letters? It is idle to discuss the question of whether or not he was a genius. As a writer, perhaps not; as an avatar of young America, yes. Only a personality having the strength of genius could be such an orator—an average mind could not compass it. Kilmer's poems say just what they were meant to say, with convincing sincerity and sometimes with singular originality of phrase—the sublest form of originality of thought. His verses, in all their intensity, are always as friendly and human as a hand-clasp. He will probably not go down to history, however, as a great poet in the sense either of a great word-master, or a great creator of verbal melodies, or as a great seer. What matter?

America will take Joyce Kilmer to her heart, not because he was a genius in any of the narrower senses, but because he was a prophesy.

CAN GRANDE'S CASTLE. By Amy Lowell. New York: the Macmillan Company.

In subtlety of suggestion, splendor of phraseology, and picturesqueness of imagery, surely most writing of the past, whether in verse or prose, must be regarded as drab and tame by comparison with Miss Lowell's polyphonic prose. And it would be mere folly to denounce as simply "precious" writing which has so many facets of simplicity and of art. The element of surprise due to the use of words and phrases in combinations that give them an entirely new luminosity; the rich, vari-colored effect of the whole, with its superposition of picture on picture and mood on mood, tempts one to believe that Miss Lowell has really developed a new and immensely powerful art.

Perhaps she has. Certainly, liberty is a great thing and not to be trammeled whether in verse or in thought. But without disapproving the tendency, one may raise certain queries as to its scope and effect.

The truth about free verse would seem to be—as, indeed, its adherents assert—that its defiance of scansion is nothing new. No one of course reads the line, "The quality of mercy is not strained," as it is scanned. But these lines and other lines of classic English poetry are measured—measured, it is true, according to some rather mysterious psychic law, but indubitably measured: we know whether the full number of feet in the line has been filled out even though we cannot without pain force our utterance to conform to the formal metrical scheme. And so what the free versifiers do is not so much to introduce

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subtler rhythms than the older poets (barring the eighteenth century) used, as to abandon that measure which all the classic poets, writing by ear rather than by rule, used in order to give effect to the subtlety of rhythm which they actually achieved. In this view polyphonic prose seems less comparable to music without melody than to music without time. Whether more is gained than is lost by the method is a question not to be decided hastily.

But there is a larger question involved in the new art, a question that concerns the use of words not as to their rhythmical possibilities but as to their meanings.

Music makes use of symbols which suggest no ideas except as these arise through stimulation of the emotions, through mimetic adaptation, or through an arbitrary prearranged connection. Painting seems even less dependent upon concepts, the order of feeling it arouses being one stage farther removed from conceptual thought than are the emotions called up by music, which seems to owe a part at least of its power to its appeal to feelings that were originally promptings to action and are therefore not far removed from definite thought. But *words* mean things or concepts. To use them continually for the sake of their mere connotation, to adopt a style almost purely suggestive and largely ejaculatory, strains them from their natural function. Words make us think, and the polyphonic prose will not let us think. Instead of subtly availing itself as the older poetry did of the capacity of a little definite thought to support an immense amount of suggestion, the polyphonic prose constantly arouses and then represses the tendency to reflect coherently.

To be sure, some of the loveliest lines of poetry in the language are by no means valuable for what they denote:—

> In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn
> A stately pleasure dome decree,
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea—

If there is more in the stanza than Coleridge's mood and vision, no critic has been able to find it. But Coleridge's words are led along in stately procession, their suggestiveness subdued to the formal decorum of ordinary, sane human thought. All Miss Lowell's words are straining at the halter.

So long as men incorrigibly use words to think with, will there not be something painful and unnatural to all but the most sophisticated minds—that is to all minds but those whose possessors have leisure and adaptability sufficient for the cultivation of artificial (though not necessarily reprehensible) tastes—will there not be something painful to most minds in an art which inclines toward ignoring the natural function of words?

Though it is dangerous to mark out limits for a new tendency, one may risk the conjecture that the good effect of the free-verse movement will be felt in its enrichment of matter-of-fact prose, and in its bringing to pass a more democratic sympathy, so to speak, between prose and poetry, than in its establishment of a new art to take the place of an old one.

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CONSTITUTIONAL POWER AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By George Sutherland: former United States Senator from Utah. New York: Columbia University Press.

Hitherto controversies regarding the Constitution of the United States have had to do with the distribution of powers between the various States and the central Government. Just now a new question has been raised—a question concerning the power of the Federal Government, or of any other governmental agency in this country, to do certain things at all. Does the Constitution, for example, permit, or does it by implication forbid, the Government of the United States to enter into such obligations with European nations as are by some deemed to be necessary for the future peace of the world? In assuming such obligations, necessary as they may be, shall we be straining the letter of the Constitution in order to adapt it to new conditions, or shall we be simply carrying out that course of evolution for which the framers of the instrument advisedly left the way fully open?

These questions are exactly answered by ex-Senator Sutherland in the course of his scholarly work, *Constitutional Power and World Affairs.* Mr. Sutherland draws a clear distinction between powers applicable to *internal* affairs and those necessary for the conduct of *external* affairs. Nor is the distinction artificial. It is ridiculous to suppose that in the distribution of powers between the States and the central Government, certain powers essential to a sovereign state were meant to be completely withheld and not conferred upon any agency whatever. By the Tenth Amendment powers, not delegated to the United States, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States or to the people: "In external affairs, however, there is no residuary agency; the sole agency capable of acting is the National Government. Is it not reasonable to assume that those who were so careful to avoid any lapse or loss of active power in the case of *internal* matters were equally solicitous in the case of *external affairs?* If this be answered affirmatively, as it must be, did their expression fall short of their meaning? To put the extreme case: If the framers of the Constitution have omitted to specify affirmatively some highly useful and important external power, is it therefore to be withheld by virtue of the doctrine which limits the general government to the powers expressly granted, and such as are auxiliary thereto?"

That the course of constitutional development, as well as common sense, approves a negative answer to this latter question, Mr. Sutherland shows through a somewhat detailed and strikingly clear review of historic facts.

The underlying doctrine is, of course, that the general government, as a creation of the people, must be supposed to be clothed with all the powers necessary for effecting the purposes for which it was brought into existence. No one has applied this principle with more rigorous exactness to a great variety of cases than has Mr. Sutherland.

It is noteworthy, however, that the author, while thus demonstrating and clearly expounding the powers of the general Government in relation to those external affairs which loom so large to-day, expresses pointed disapproval of the plan for a League to Enforce Peace. The Government *may,* it would appear, enter into such a league.

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Whether it ought to do so is quite another question. Mr. Sutherland points out, with emphatic clearness, a frequently overlooked objection to the plan—the difficulty, in view of the adeptness of statesmen in shifting responsibiity, of determining in any given war just which nation is really the aggressor: so plain a case as that of Germany's invasion of Belgium is not likely to occur again. Moreover he puts into a nutshell the true philosophy of those who oppose the League plan: "If the world has not advanced to such a period of respect for law and order as to insure submission to the decisions of an International Court of Justice, it has not reached the point where it may safely rely upon its own enduring adherence to any other plan of peace enforcement."

DUTCH AND ENGLISH ON THE HUDSON. By Maude Wilder Goodwin. New Haven: Yale University Press.

It is not usual to find so much literary charm and craftsmanship employed in the telling of an accurate and somewhat detailed historic narrative as one discovers in Mrs. Goodwin's story of colonial New York. The book may well be read for pleasure; yet any one who so reads it will be certain to gain some clear and definite ideas supported by facts—if it be only that Peter Stuyvesant was not the "valiant, weather-beaten, leathern-sided, generous-spirited old governor" of legend, but on the contrary a brutal tyrant and a religious bigot. The author corrects the view that the Dutch colonization in America was purely a commercial venture, and shows that in reality "the founding of New Netherland marked a momentous epoch in the struggle for the freedom of conscience." Very frequently, indeed, Mrs. Goodwin shows real breadth of historic thinking in conjunction with the interest in details of topography, of life, of character, and of government which properly characterizes the writer of a chronicle as distinct from the historian. The author's account, for example, of the old Red Sea pirates is extraordinarily picturesque and striking, but not at all in the nature of a mere peddling of romance. In these pages one may quite casually acquire such interesting bits of information as the derivation of the word *filibuster* or the word *buccaneer,* while at the same time one gets the effect of a coherent and well-compacted narrative. In writing this book, Mrs. Goodwin has evidently thought out all the facts anew, and her thought is as independent as her style is fresh. She has written a scholarly and entertaining narrative that is quite her own—a book, like the publications of the Yale University Press in general, written not for the market, nor for the glory of learning alone, but for value and service.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE NEED FOR INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATION

SIR,—The enclosed letter which I have received from the Bishop of Birmingham may encourage the clergy and ministers of other denominations to take up this supremely important matter.

Manchester, England. CHARLES W. MACARA.

[*Enclosure*]

BISHOP'S CROFT,
BIRMINGHAM, February 10, 1919.

Dear SIR CHARLES MACARA,—

The events in the industrial world of the last week or two have shown to all who have marked them carefully that nothing but co-operation between all the classes engaged in productive business life can solve the problems connected with labour unrest. Had we availed ourselves of the services of the Industrial Council appointed by the Government in 1911 we should have nipped in the bud some of the dangerous growths which, if allowed to develop, are not only difficult to destroy, but are liable to spread.

A general lowering of the moral standard of business life must follow upon strife between the component parts of our industrial world. The times are very critical. The United States, Japan and even Germany are all buckling on their armour for the war of business competition which lies ahead, whilst our own people are quarrelling and Government Departments cannot be called over active in the encouragement of enterprise. We must hasten to become friends all round, and our public authorities must foster industry if we are to maintain our great position in the world's markets.

To me, however, the consideration is, that unless all classes realize their interdependence before God, and strive to bring out in the social life the principle of mutual helpfulness, all the preaching of Christianity is proved to be ineffective for the national well-being.

It is because such a body as the Industrial Council, consisting of experienced Representatives of Capital and Labor, with equal rights, will hasten this fitting co-operation that it makes such a strong appeal to one's moral sense. One sad thing in present-day conditions is the suspicion which exists on the part of the employed, and which is the offspring of a not unnatural ignorance of the difficulties of the employer.

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Would it not be easy for the Industrial Council to encourage certain foundation principles between those who employ, and those whose manual labor produces the final result in industry?

The first essential for peaceful working is that "all the cards shall be upon the table." Ignorance is the parent of mistrust. Surely if the exact position were shown to men by the employer, it would generally be seen that all the wiser heads of businesses were anxious in their own interest to pay more and not less wages. In America men are warned that if they cannot earn up to a certain standard they are not worth employing. As a rule, the higher the wages the greater the production, and the cheaper the product. If employers are frank with the men there must be similar openness on the other side. Then there will grow up a desire throughout the whole business to work with heart to produce the best possible. This will brighten the whole industrial life, and a contented working class means a rapidly developing trade.

I regard this kind of industrial life as something likely to make this earth a little more like heaven, this world more like what God would have it be. Therefore I trust the day is very near when the Industrial Council will be used to the fullest extent, labor unrest being thereby killed, and our England not only a more prosperous, but a happier and a nobler land.

H. R. BIRMINGHAM.

OUR SOLDIERS AND PROHIBITION

SIR,—More than a million and a half American voters are coming back to the United States this year, or next, with some definite plans about the elections in 1920. They know quite well that, in addition to their own ballots, they will have a far-reaching influence on the political developments of the next sixteen months. For that reason, it may interest you to know how the members of the American Expeditionary Forces in France and Germany are discussing the questions that are now coming to the front.

It is a serious mistake to believe that the doughboys will favor a Presidential candidate drawn from the personnel of the army. Very frankly, they are weary of army life, army authority, and the glamor of military pomp. They enthuse over some officers, but the objects of their sincere regard are the men who actually led them in the fighting. Some colonels, captains and lieutenants might control the ballots of their own companies or regiments, but officers of higher rank would not be flattered by an accurate forecast of the votes they could command in the American army.

The American soldier is, as the English say, thoroughly "fed up" on military control and would flinch from the thought of placing in the White House a man selected from military circles. In an overwhelming majority of cases the doughboy's one ambition is to get out of uniform and settle down to the job of winning the battles of peace. His vote will go to the man who in his opinion is best suited to the task of restoring and maintaining national prosperity.

As a general rule, the doughboy will come back home with some deep-rooted theories about what he considers unfair treatment. He believes that he has been charged exorbitant prices by the French. He

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thinks that, after risking his life for his country, he should have been given a chance to get back to the United States before the men in the training camps with a record of only a few months' service were released and given a first chance to find good jobs. And he regards the prohibition amendment as a distinct violation of his rights as an American citizen.

It is quite useless to argue these points with a majority of the men in northern France and Germany. They balance the present cost of commodities in France with pre-war prices in the United States and insist that profiteering is responsible for what they regard as a series of hold-ups. If, on the theme of their retention on foreign duty, you point out the mechanical impossibility of transporting troops from America to relieve them, they counter with the argument that "the first troops sent back from France were the last troops to get here." This, of course, is true. But, instead of being flattered by the fact that the War Department reposes more confidence in them than in the untested products of the training camps, they stick to their argument that they "earned the right to go home first and let the other fellow do the policing and road-repairing."

Every doughboy with whom I have discussed the question, regardless of his personal habits, is exceedingly bitter on the subject of the prohibition amendment. The American soldiers insist that politicians took advantage of their absence from home to "put over" the bone-dry law. The fact that the question was not put to a popular vote does not alter their convictions. They think it was a "crooked deal" to make a radical change in the Constitution while two million voters were fighting for that Constitution on foreign soil and unable even to voice their opinions. The men in the A. E. F. will return with a distinct grudge against the national and State legislators who favored a change in the Constitution while the war was being fought and won.

The American soldier has had no chance to talk since he was sent to France, but he will have a great deal to say when he returns. And some of the things he is waiting to say will exert a tremendous influence on the next national election.

A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT JUST BACK FROM FRANCE.

A LITTLE HISTORY

SIR,—Concerning current discussions as to the League and the Nation, the following may be of interest: The Colonists, prior to the Declaration of Independence, acted as one people. The first Continental Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, adopted a Declaration of Rights, October 14, 1775. In its introductory sentence it recites that "Since the last war, the British parliament, claiming a power of right to bind the people of America, by statutes in all cases whatsoever, hath, etc." The declaration part begins with the mention of it as the action of, "The good people of the several colonies," and proceeds to include those of New Hampshire and all the others except Georgia. By the Declaration of Rights, it was resolved, that certain acts of parliament were "Infringements and violations of the rights of the Colonists." It declared "That the inhabitants of the

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English colonies of North America by the principles of the English Constitution, etc., have the following rights, which the declaration then proceeds to set forth as rights of the people,—not of the colonies as such.

A second Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775, and continued its sittings during the war of Independence. On the fourth of July, 1776, it adopted and promulgated our Declaration of Independence, described as "a declaration by the representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled." It was the "Declaration of our representatives" acting "by the authority of the good people of these Colonies." It gave us our name, then for the first time used, and made "The United States of America" an addition of ONE to the family of Nations, with a complete potential nationality. It was governed by the same second Continental Congress, under articles of Confederation, adopted November 15, 1777, and finally ratified, March 1, 1781.

The convention which adopted the Constitution was called by this same Continental Congress, February, 1787, for the purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation and rendering "The Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the government and the preservation of the Union." By its preamble it was the act of "the people of the United States to form a more perfect Union," etc., whereby they did for themselves and their posterity "ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

These statements are a partial foundation for Mr. Lincoln's message to the first Congress which assembled under its Administration, called together by him in special session July 4, 1861. In it, he attacked the Doctrine of Secession very ably and convincingly. He contended that the States never had any rights nor any existence except as members of the Union; that all of their powers arose from their membership of the Union and that the right of secession did not exist. The result of the Civil War would seem to have settled the question of the rights of the States as Mr. Lincoln put it, namely, as nugatory, except as parts of the United States of America. Their relationship is as similar to that of the League of Nations as chalk is to cheese.

H. A. D.

Camden, N. J.

MORE DEBATE NEEDED

SIR,—Your recent speech at Indianapolis, coupled with Senator Knox's analysis of the League, furnishes enough ammunition to blow the precious covenant into perdition.

Permit me to suggest that the contest now being waged throughout the country, for and against this pernicious covenant, is being carried on rather unequally. Such part of the opposition as is being expressed is being put forth individually, while it appears that the whole strength of the Democratic party is behind an active and organized propaganda for the endorsement of the League.

I am entirely convinced that it is only that the American people should thoroughly understand the covenant and what it means in

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order that they should overwhelmingly reject it, but I doubt that they are hearing one quarter as much against the covenant as in favor of it. A great amount of public speaking is being carried on in this state in favor of the proposition and there have been enlisted for this service, to a large extent, people whose ordinary activities train them for public speaking.

Last Sunday, for instance, at a Providence theatre, that most engaging and likeable personality, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, enthralled an audience with a description of the blessings that might be expected of the covenant, and resolutions were passed, to be forwarded to the President in the Peace Treaty. The audience departed decorated with "The League of Nations" button, which happens to resemble the emblem of the Democratic party.

All of this happened, of course, without debate or opposition of any kind, and I am told that this is the general method of procedure wherever audiences are brought together by the proponents of the proposed constitution. Perhaps it is by the receipt of numberless resolutions of this kind that the President hopes to convince the Peace Conference that the united opinion of America is solidly behind him.

I think it is vital that an organized opposition be launched without delay and that it spread before the American people the truth about this matter with all the energy it can command. While it has been assumed in some quarters that the matter should not be handled along political party lines, it is, nevertheless, being so handled and it would appear that it would be much better that the Republican party take up the opposition and press it, than that the covenant should be forced upon us for the lack of organized opposition. No newly formed organization could hope to effectively cope with the Democratic party on such short notice. Furthermore, the matter is, in reality, a political issue; it is a bigger political issue than the tariff, prohibition, or any issue that has been presented to the people of our country during its existence.

I know that there are countless men who are ready and eager to devote their energy to oppose this injurious visionary scheme, if the things can be organized so that their efforts shall have force.

AUSTIN T. LEVY.

Harrisville, R. I.

HABIT?

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Wilson's statement that had Germany known that England would come in with France and Russia, she [Germany] would never have struck the blow in 1914, and the logical reply thereto that a League of Nations would have been no more effective under such circumstances than the old balance of power, reminds me of another equally inconsistent statement which the President recently made in reply to a question propounded by Senator Brandegee. It was to this effect: "If there had been one week's discussion before the beginning of the European war, it would not have taken place."

It is an indisputable fact that the Administration did all in its

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power from April, 1917, until the day of the armistice to lead us to believe that Germany, having spent forty years in preparation and thinking that the proper moment had arrived, struck deliberately and wantonly, and plunged Europe into bloody conflict in order to destroy her rivals, create a Central European empire, and grasp the prize of world dominion.

Now is it illogical to hold such a theory while at the same time assuming that one week's frank discussion of differences between them on the part of the European Powers would completely have disarmed Germany, altered her course, and satisfied her ambitions.

Both assumptions cannot be true. Why does Mr. Wilson attempt to lead us astray? Or does he falsify unconsciously and from force of habit? I confess that such inconsistency is a sore puzzle to me.

I believe in clear thinking and honest statement.

Newport, Ky. T. W. RAINEY.

A WASHINGTON VIEW

SIR,—I have just read your address before the Columbian Club, and I cannot restrain the impulse to write and offer my personal thanks and congratulations.

The analysis and logic of Senators Lodge and Knox are all right for Senators, Judges, Lawyers and such folk, and will sway the citizen, if given weeks or months to germinate; but it needs the machine-gun fire of Roosevelt to reach the Man-on-the-Street and the Man-at-the-Work-bench, the Preacher, and the Church pews, and shock them into the consciousness of the fact that the President is violating his oath of office "to support the Constitution of the United States of America," in his mad chase after his Will-o-the-Wisp, and in bartering the birthright of American Independence for a mess of personal ambition. This last is for the Preachers and pseudo-Pacifists.

I want to say that T. R.'s picture is the only public man's effigy I have in my den, but if you keep on making the Columbian Club brand of Addresses, and writing editorials as heretofore, I will have to hang another alongside of it.

May the spirit of American Manhood continue to give strength to your voice, and point to your pen! CHAS. W. FITTS.

Washington, D. C.

WHO IS FOR IT?

SIR,—The Democratic papers and, in fact, some of the Republican papers, frequently quote the number of soldiers in favor of the "League of Nations," or the number of people in favor of the "League of Nations;" but I feel sure that this is not representative of the people's feeling about the manner in which the "League of Nations" is being presented and perfected.

Of course, everyone is in favor of some kind of a "League of Nations" which will prevent war. No honest human being could be opposed to it, and when you simply ask a soldier or any other

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man if he is in favor of a "League of Nations," he naturally says yes, not understanding what you mean by the question. If one would take the trouble to explain just what the present "League of Nations" means to this country, I am sure the sentiment and vote would be very different, and I believe it is to the interest of the people of the country for the newspapers to bear down on this point and to emphasize that we are all in favor of a "League of Nations," but not for one made up and dictated by foreign countries and agreed to by one man for the entire United States of America.

FRED. C. CLARKE.

Hartford, Conn.

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